

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY! THERE'S A MOST OF MORE IN...

SMASH!

No. 160

22nd FEB. 1969

EVERY MONDAY

7d

INCORPORATING **FANTASTIC**

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d.
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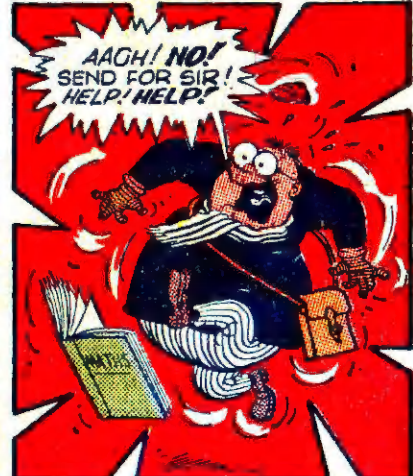
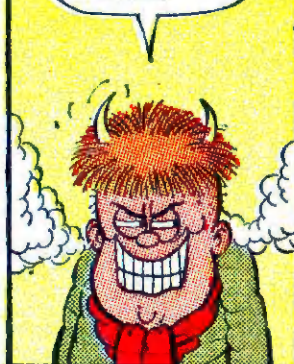
The SWOTS and the BLOTS!

BET THOSE SWOT TWERPS COULDN'T BUILD A SNOWMAN LIKE THAT! IT TAKES BRAINS TO BUILD 'EM THAT GOOD!

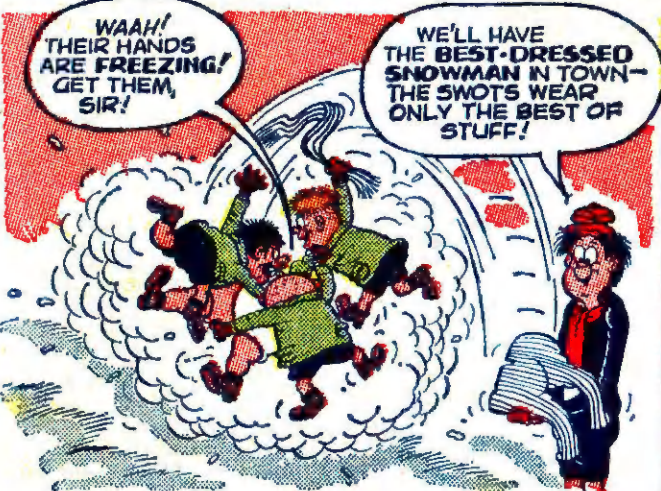


PAT!
YEAH! BUT WE'LL HAVE TO GET SOME TOGS FOR IT! HE'LL FREEZE TO DEATH IF WE DON'T!

HEH! HEH! I KNOW WHERE WE CAN GET SOME TOGS!

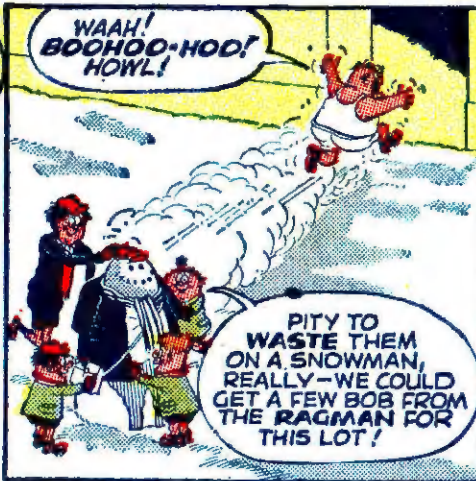


AAGH! NO! SEND FOR SIR! HELP! HELP!



WAAH! THEIR HANDS ARE FREEZING! GET THEM, SIR!

WE'LL HAVE THE BEST-DRESSED SNOWMAN IN TOWN—THE SWOTS WEAR ONLY THE BEST OF STUFF!

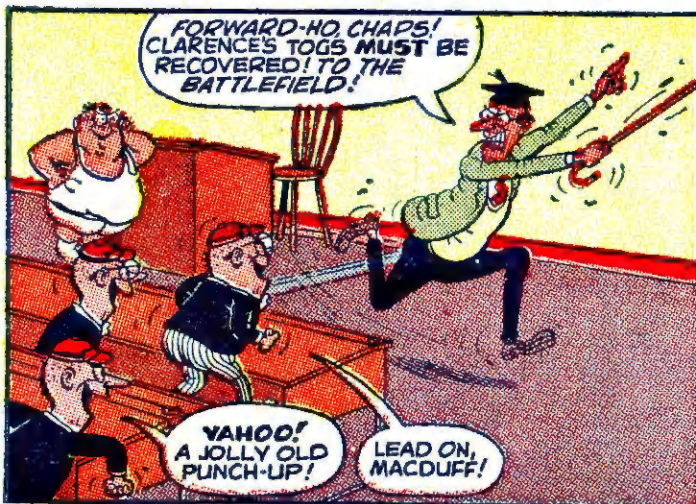


WAAH! BOOHOO-HOO! HOWL!

PITY TO WASTE THEM ON A SNOWMAN, REALLY—WE COULD GET A FEW BOB FROM THE RAGMAN FOR THIS LOT!



GRR! IF YOU DON'T GET MY TOGS BACK, SIR, I'LL GET PATER TO POP ALONG AND PLASTER YOU WITH HIS POLO-STICK!



FORWARD-HO, CHAPS! CLARENCE'S TOGS MUST BE RECOVERED! TO THE BATTLEFIELD!

YAHOO! A JOLLY OLD PUNCH-UP!

LEAD ON, MACDUFF!



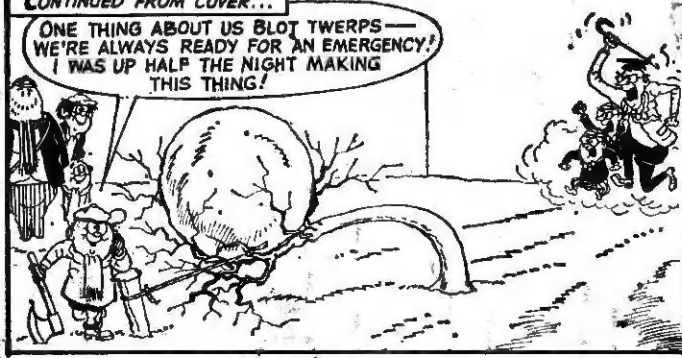
CHARGE!

SUFFERING SNOWBALLS! TEACH'S LANDLADY MUST'VE BEEN PUTTING VITAMIN PILLS IN HIS PORRIDGE AGAIN! HE'S GONE POTTY!

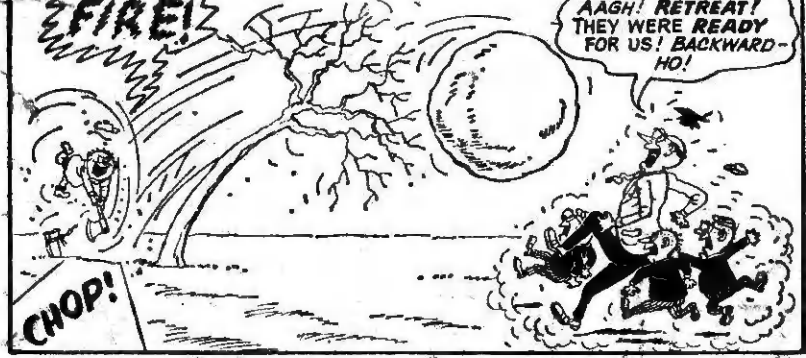
SOME FOLKS MUST LIKE GETTING BASHED!

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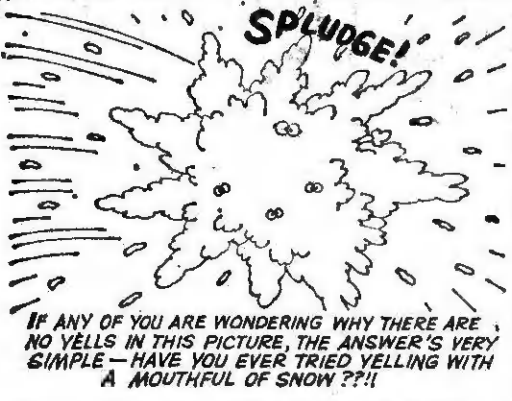
ONE THING ABOUT US BLOT TWERPS—WE'RE ALWAYS READY FOR AN EMERGENCY! I WAS UP HALF THE NIGHT MAKING THIS THING!



FIRE!

CHOP!

AAGH! RETREAT! THEY WERE READY FOR US! BACKWARD—HO!



SPLUDGE!

IF ANY OF YOU ARE WONDERING WHY THERE ARE NO YELLS IN THIS PICTURE, THE ANSWER'S VERY SIMPLE—HAVE YOU EVER TRIED YELLING WITH A MOUTHFUL OF SNOW??!!



HEH! HEH! LET'S DEPOSIT THIS LOT SOMEWHERE SAFE—SOMEWHERE WHERE THEY CAN'T ANNOY US!

I THINK THE COUNCIL RUBBISH DUMP WOULD BE APPROPRIATE! SNIGGER!

OH, NO! OH, NO!

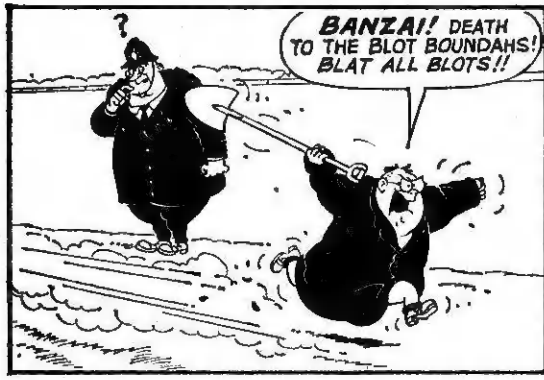
HELP! HELP!

BOMP!

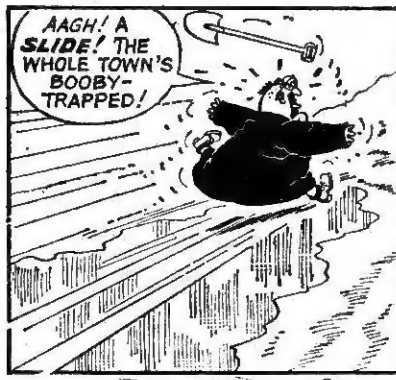


GRRR! YOU'RE A ROTTEN COWARD, SMITHERS! LEND ME YOUR JACKET—IF YOU WON'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT, I SHALL!

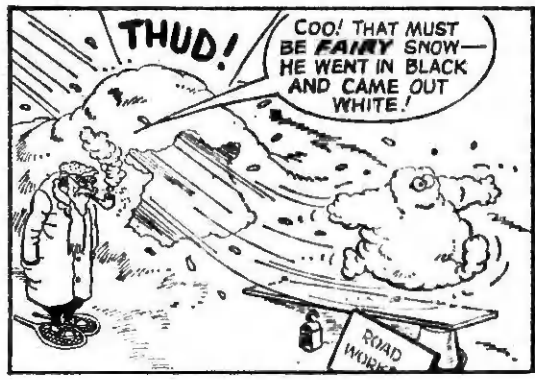
SNATCH!



BANZAI! DEATH TO THE BLOT BOUNDARIES! BLAT ALL BLOTS!!



AAGH! A SLIDE! THE WHOLE TOWN'S BOOBY-TRAPPED!



THUD!

COO! THAT MUST BE FAIRY SNOW—HE WENT IN BLACK AND CAME OUT WHITE!



THIS IS FUN! THIS BIG JACKET'S FILLED UP WITH AIR—IT'S LIKE WEARING A JOLLY OLD PARACHUTE!



AIEEEK!



AAGH! CLARENCE MUST'VE FROZEN TO DEATH! HE'S COME BACK TO HAUNT US!

HELP! HELP! A SPOOKY!



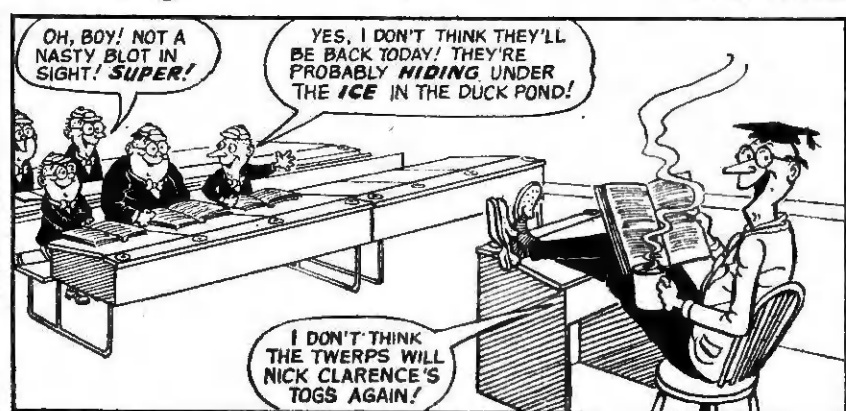
IT'S ALL RIGHT, CHAPS! I'M ALIVE AND KICKING! I'M ONLY COVERED IN SNOW, BUT THOSE BLOT TWERPS WEREN'T TO KNOW THAT!

I SAY—HOW SPIFFING!



ER—PLEASE MAY I HAVE MY BRAZIER BACK, YOUNG SIR?

PATIENCE, MY GOOD MAN! THEIR NEED IS GREATER THAN THINE!



OH, BOY! NOT A NASTY BLOT IN SIGHT! SUPER!

YES, I DON'T THINK THEY'LL BE BACK TODAY! THEY'RE PROBABLY HIDING UNDER THE ICE IN THE DUCK POND!

I DON'T THINK THE TWERPS WILL NICK CLARENCE'S TOGS AGAIN!

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KING OF THE RING

WRESTLER KEN KING AND HIS MANAGER PAL BLARNEY STONE ARE FIGHTING THEIR WAY ROUND THE WORLD. IN SOUTHERN FRANCE THEY ARE TRAVELLING TO WHERE BLARNEY HAS ARRANGED A CONTEST AT THE 'MILLIONAIRE' VILLAGE RESORT OF BRISE....

WHO AM I SUPPOSED TO BE FIGHTING, BLARNEY? I HOPE I DID RIGHT IN LEAVING YOU TO DO ALL THE 'CHAT-WORK'...

MATMAN, I'M A BUSINESS KING-PIN! THERE'S A BIG 'PURSE' AT STAKE.

YOUR OPPONENT IS A FARMER FROM HOME, CHUM - LABELLED 'HAYSEED HAMMOND'. A FRENCH MANAGER COMPLETES THE TEAM.

HEY! KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE ROAD!



BARNEY JAMS ON THE BRAKES...

LOOK OUT - GOATS! A WHOLE HERD OF THEM!

MITHER O' MURPHY, MOVE OVER, YOU BRUTES! HEY, KEEP AWAY FROM THE CAR...

DID YOU EXPECT 'EM TO SOUND THEIR 'HORNS', BLARNEY? THAT LOOKS LIKE YOUR GEAR THEY'RE EATING.

DON'T JUST SIT THERE! GIVE ME A HAND TO DRIVE THE BEASTS OFF.



A BOOMING VOICE INTERRUPTS...

LEAVE THEM LI'L' OL' GOATS ALONE! THEY B'AIN'T DOIN' NO HARM. OI BE DRIVING THEM!

THEN DO SOMETHING! IT'S THEIR 'EATING' HABITS I'M WORRIED ABOUT!



THE NEWCOMER WHISTLES...

OI'LL WORRY 'EE MORE! THEY POOR LI'L' GOATS GET EASY FRIGHTENED BY UGLY-FACED MEN!



BLARNEY AND KEN ARE STILL WINDED. SUDDENLY...



WHAT THE...?

I'LL TEACH 'EE TO BE CRUEL TO DUMB ANIMALS!

THE TRUTH DAWNS ON KEN...

IT'S A PUT-UP JOB! NO WONDER THIS BIG YOKEL SPEAKS ENGLISH—HE'LL BE HAYSEED HAMMOND!

NOW OI BE CRUEL!



A FOREARM SMASH CATCHES KEN...



THUD!

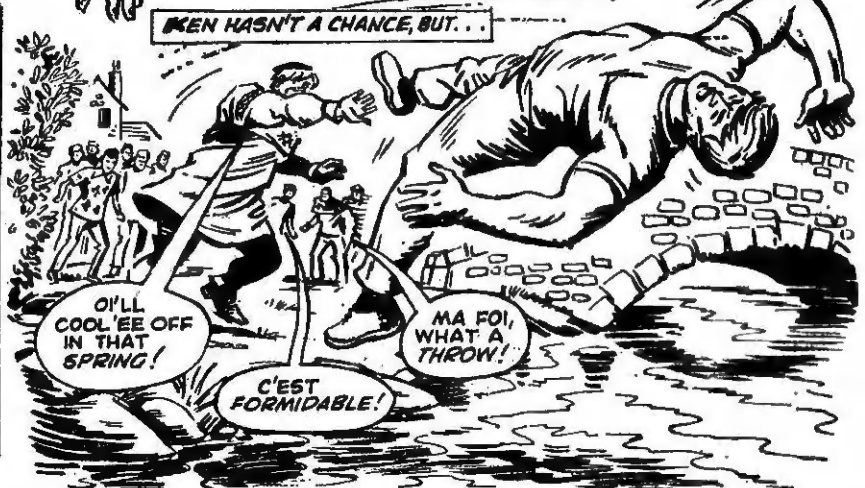
THEY POOR ANIMALS...

THEN...



OH, NO! HE'S DROPPING KEN FOR A BACK-BREAKER!

KEN HASN'T A CHANCE, BUT...



OI'LL COOL 'EE OFF IN THAT SPRING!

MA FOI, WHAT A THROW!

C'EST FORMIDABLE!



ENOUGH, HAYSEED, MON BRAVE! DO NOT RISK YOURSELF MORE BEFORE ZE CONTEST!

ARR! I BE TOO HOT-HEADED, MY MANAGER!

THE SPRING WATERS, BECAUSE OF THEIR NATURAL CHEMICALS, SEEM TO SET KEN ON FIRE.



I'VE RECOVERED NOW! LET ME GET AT HIM!

NO, KEN! NO! PLAY IT SMART, PAL—YOU'LL HAVE YOUR CHANCE AT THE CONTEST.

HAMMOND'S MANAGER ADVANCES...

M'SIEUR KING, MAY YOU PREFER TO CALL OFF ZE CONTEST? PERHAPS YOU 'AVE ZE FEAR!



MY ONE FEAR IS THAT THE BIG CLOWN DOESN'T FIGHT ME. DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME NOT TURNING UP!



EEF KING FAILS TO ARRIVE FOR ZE CONTEST, I CLAIM 500 ENGLISH POUNDS FOR M'SIEUR HAYSEED!

OKAY! I AGREE! IF YOUR MAN LETS US DOWN, YOU PAY THAT SUM TO US!

THE PALS ARRIVE AT THEIR HOTEL IN BRISE...



I'M NOT LETTING YOU OUT OF MY SIGHT! IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO YOU, IT'D COST ME £500!

ARE YOU JOKING? WILD HORSES COULDN'T KEEP ME AWAY FROM HAYSEED HAMMOND. IF HE WANTED TO MAKE 'BAD BLOOD', HE'S SUCCEEDED!

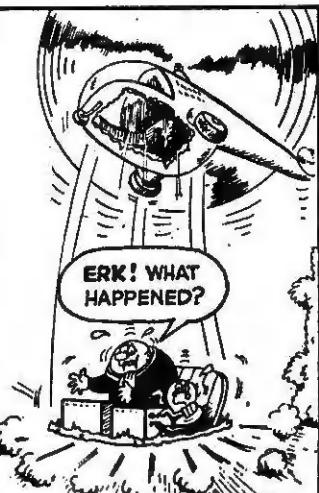
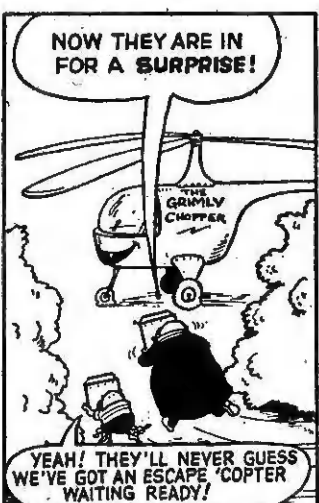
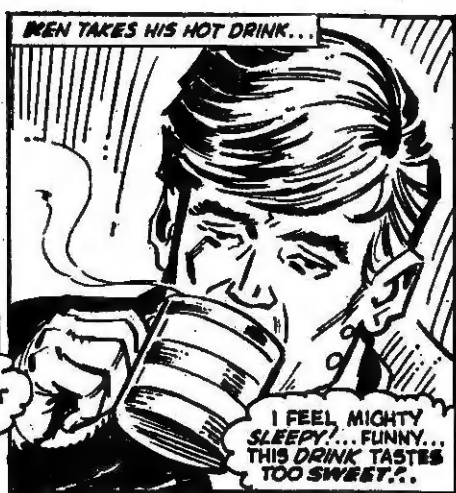
BUT...



KING HASN'T A HOPE AGAINST HAYSEED! I RECKON HE KNOWS IT, TOO!

IF I HEAR MORE, I'LL CHOKER!

THAT'S WHY HAYSEED'S MANAGER ARRANGED THE 'NO FIGHT' COMPENSATION!



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SERGEANT ROCK

— PARATROOPER!



HELLO, PALS.
THIS IS SERGEANT ROCK
WITH ANOTHER PARATROOPER
STORY FOR YOU, BUT THIS WEEK,
FOR A CHANGE, I'M GOING TO
TELL YOU ABOUT SOMETHING
THAT HAPPENED TO
ME!



YET IN A WAY
MY STORY IS ABOUT
SOMETHING THAT COULDN'T
HAVE HAPPENED. I KNOW THAT
SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT READ
ON...AND YOU'LL SEE
WHAT I MEAN!

ITALY 1943, THE GERMANS WERE FLEEING
NORTH AND ALLIED COMMAND PUT
EVERYTHING THEY HAD INTO THE CHASE...
INCLUDING US PARATROOPERS!

HEY, SERGEANT, I JOINED
THE PARATROOPERS TO GET
AWAY FROM FOOTSLOGGING.
AND NOW LOOK AT US!

WE MIGHT
AS WELL BE
BACK IN THE
INFANTRY!

BUT ONE OF MY MEN
WAS ENJOYING THE
LONG MARCH NORTH...

BECAUSE YOUR FOLKS
WERE BORN HERE IT MAY
SEEM LIKE HOME TO YOU,
GABINI, BUT GIVE ME DEAR
OLD MANCHESTER
ANY TIME!

IT'S JUST AS MY
FATHER DESCRIBED IT,
IT'S ALMOST LIKE
COMING
HOME!



WE WERE ADVANCING FASTER THAN THE ENEMY REALISED...

JERRIES!

AND IT LOOKS AS
IF THEY'RE PLANNING TO
SHOOT THOSE VILLAGERS!
COME ON!



THE PARATROOPERS
ACTED SWIFTLY...

ACHTUNG!
BRITISHERS ARE...
AAAAAAGH!



THEN FOR THE FIRST TIME I SAW THE CASTLE ORLANDO...





THEN BOTH OF US HEARD THIS SLIGHT SOUND...

WHAT? WHO IS THERE...? LIEUTENANT, IS THAT YOU?



AND SAW A SHADOWY FIGURE...

CURSE YOU, ENGLISHER PIGS! BUT YOU HAVE NOT CAUGHT ME YET!



BUT AS THE BLACK COLONEL MOVED OUT ON TO THE BALCONY...



AAAAAGH!

THAT HAD BEEN A NEAR THING FOR ME...AND I HAD ONE PERSON TO THANK FOR GETTING ME OUT OF THAT SPOT ALIVE...



IT WAS LUCKY FOR ME YOU CAME WHEN YOU DID! HEY, WHERE ARE YOU?



THERE'S NO ONE HERE! BUT...BUT...

BACK IN THE VILLAGE, GABINI WAS AS PUZZLED AS I WAS...



I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, SARGE. IT WASN'T ONE OF US...AND I'M SURE NONE OF THE VILLAGERS WOULD HAVE PUT A FOOT IN THE PLACE!

AND ANOTHER THING, THE WAY YOU DESCRIBED HIM, IT MADE ME THINK OF PICTURES I'VE SEEN OF COUNT ORLANDO! BUT THAT'S CRAZY, I KNOW!

YOU'RE RIGHT, IT'S CRAZY!



IT COULD HAVE BEEN A BANDIT, SARGE. THESE MOUNTAINS ARE FULL OF THEM. AND IF HE WASN'T RAISED IN THIS TERRITORY HE MIGHT NOT HAVE HEARD ABOUT THE ORLANDO CURSE!



THAT'S IT, GABINI, IT COULDN'T BE ANYTHING ELSE!

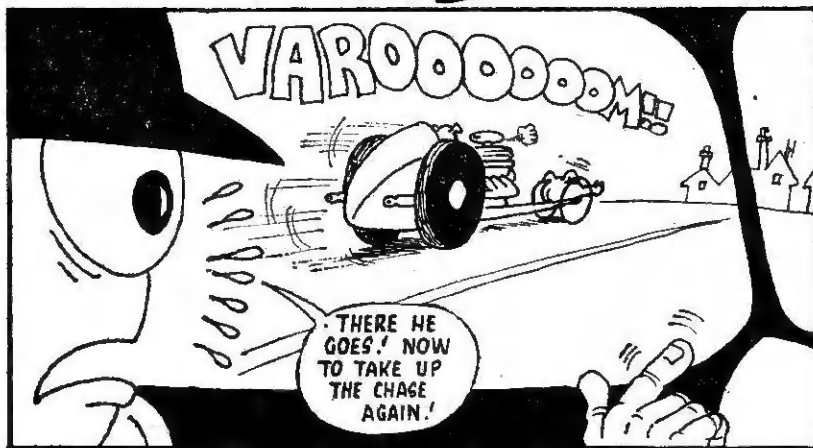
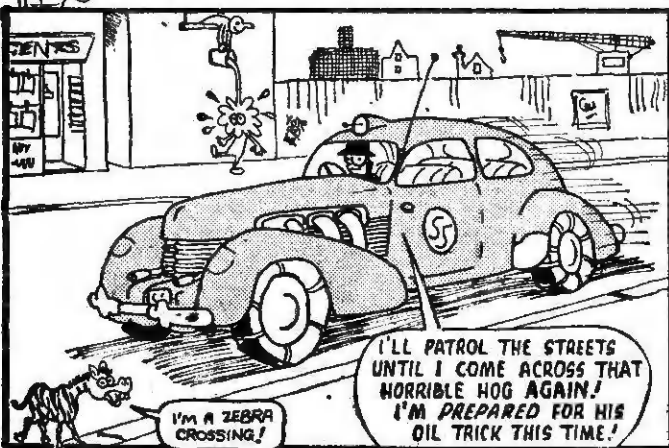
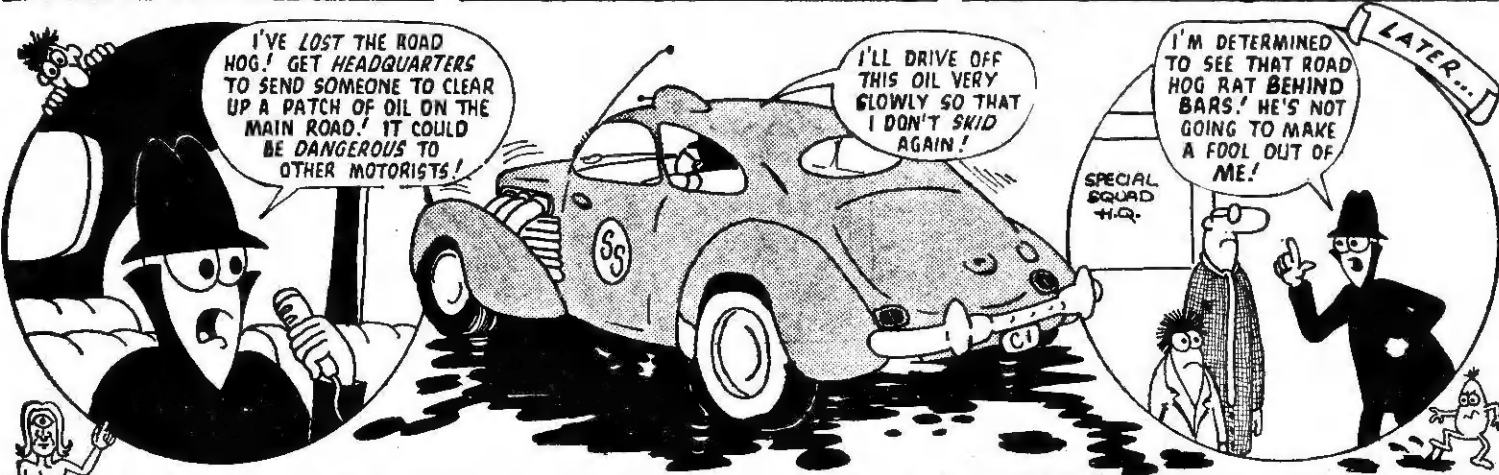
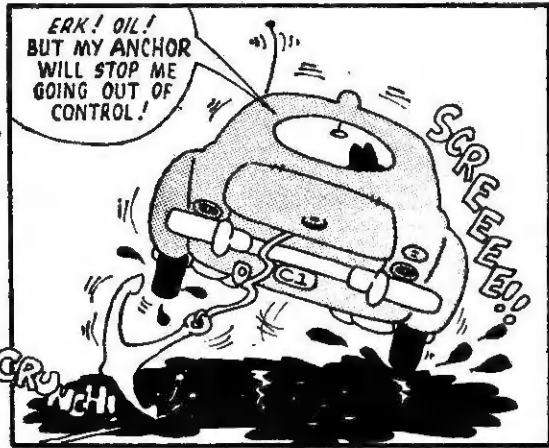
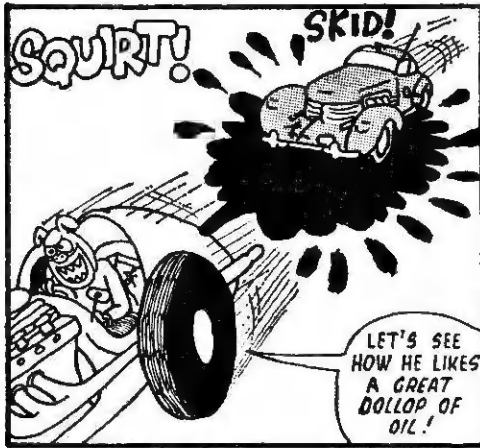
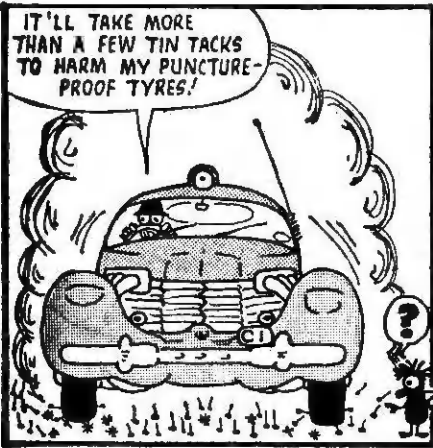
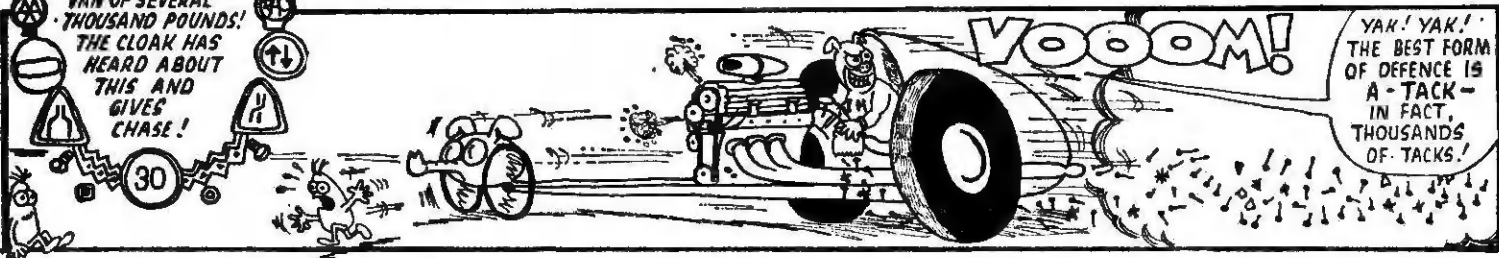
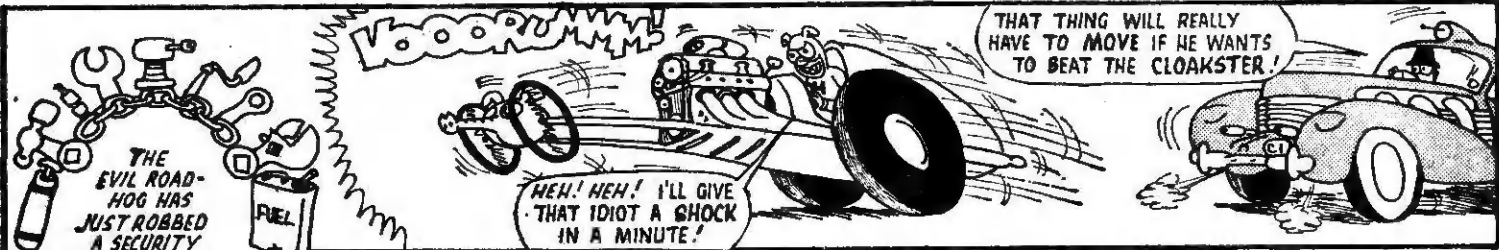


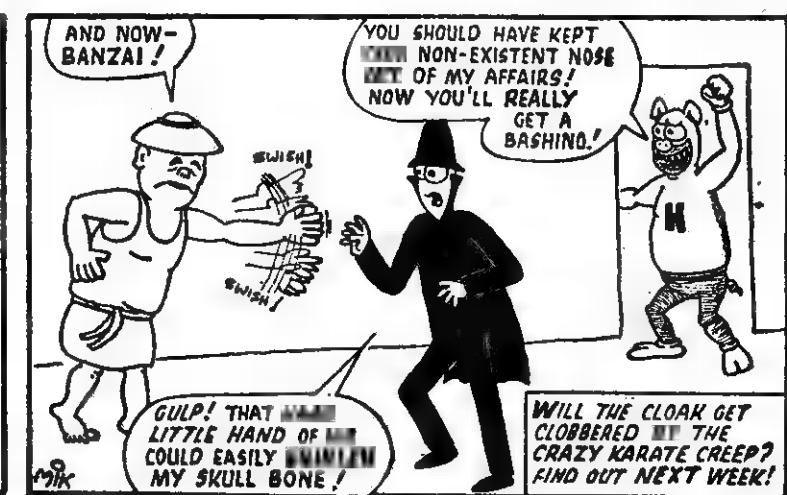
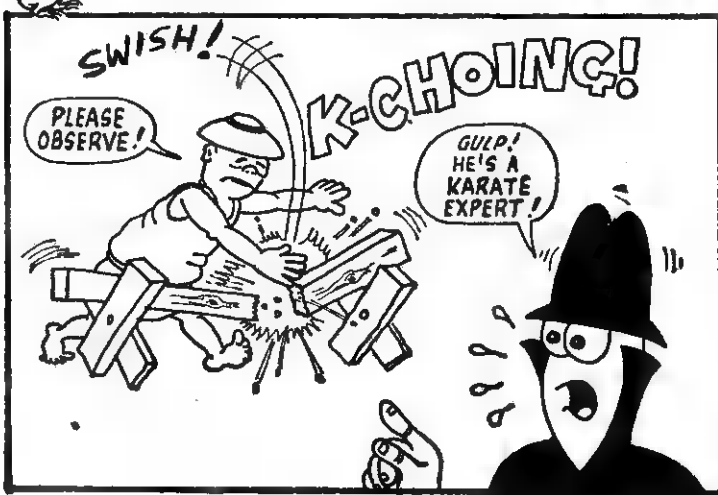
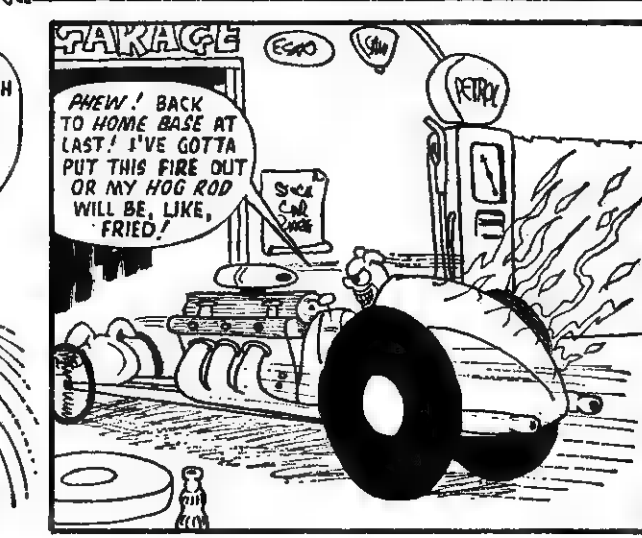
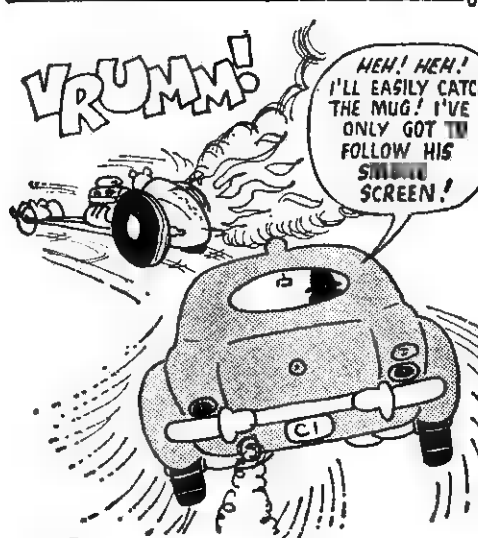
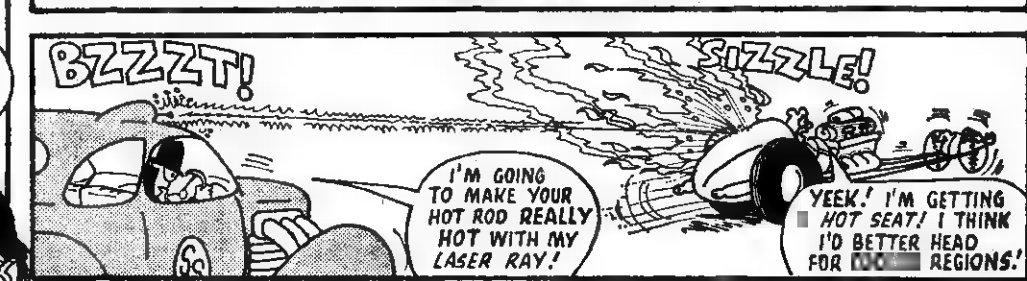
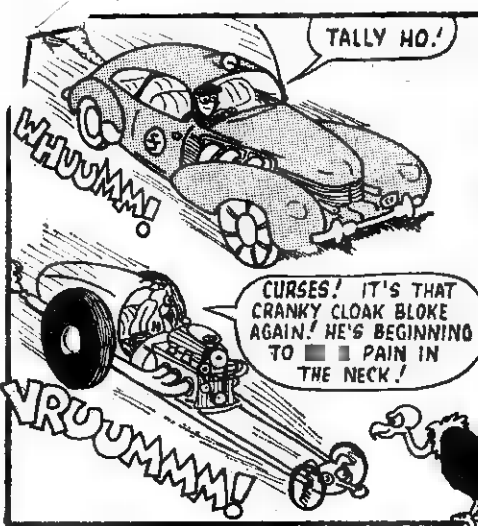
YES, IT MUST HAVE BEEN A PARTISAN OR AN ITALIAN BANDIT HIDING UP IN THAT OLD CASTLE...

I MEAN, THINGS LIKE GHOSTS WAITING FOR CENTURIES FOR THE CHANCE TO WIPE OUT A FAMILY DISHONOUR... WELL, THINGS LIKE THAT JUST DON'T HAPPEN, OR DO THEY? SO LONG TILL NEXT WEEK!



THE CLOAK VS THE ROAD HOG



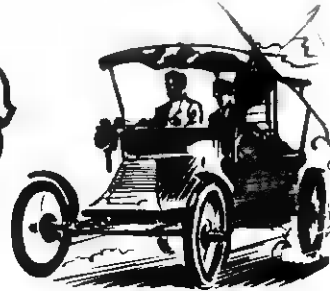




DUSTY

BEN

Bunsen's Burner



IN HIS WILL, ■■■ ECCENTRIC UNCLE HAD LEFT BEN BUNSEN A FORTUNE... PROVIDED HE WAS ABLE TO JOURNEY A TEMPERAMENTAL OLD STEAM-DRIVEN CAR AROUND THE WORLD. BECAUSE BEN COULD NOT DRIVE, HIS PAL DUSTY ■■■ AGREED TO GO ALONG AND HANDLE BUNSEN'S BURNER. ■■■ ON THE SHORT RUN TO THE CROSS-CHANNEL FERRY, THEY REALISED THAT THE TRIP WAS NOT GOING TO BE AS EASY AS THEY HAD THOUGHT...

TEN MILES MORE RATTLED PAST, AS WITH DUSTY'S SKILLED HANDS ON THE WHEEL, BUNSEN'S BURNER DECIDED TO BE ON HER BEST BEHAVIOUR...

IF ONLY SHE'D ALWAYS GO ALONG LIKE THIS, EVERYTHING WOULD BE SO MUCH EASIER!



PROVIDED THAT ■■■ WASN'T SUCH A CHARACTER AS YOUR COUSIN NICHOLAS, OF COURSE!

BEN NODDED GLOOMILY...

YES, I'D FORGOTTEN HIM! HE'S CAUSED US MORE TROUBLE THAN THE CAR! HE'S DETERMINED THAT WE'LL FAIL TO GET AROUND THE WORLD!



— BECAUSE IF WE DON'T, THEN HE GETS THE FORTUNE YOUR UNCLE LEFT! HE'S HAD SEVERAL TRIES AT STOPPING US AND COME UNSTUCK EACH TIME! MAYBE HE'S GIVEN UP!

BUT BEN'S RASCALLY RELATIVE WAS AS STUBBORN AS HE WAS RUTHLESS...

EVERYTHING'S READY, BOSS! THAT MOBILE JUNK HEAP ■■■ BE HERE IN THREE MINUTES!



AND THE TRAIN SHOULD ALONG JUST ONE MINUTE LATER! I'LL HANG UP THIS SIGN SO AS TO FOOL MY COUSIN AND HIS FRIEND!

EXACTLY THREE MINUTES LATER...

IT'S OKAY TO CROSS, DUSTY!



I'LL BREATHE EASIER WHEN WE'VE DONE IT! THE BURNER IS JUST TEMPERAMENTAL ENOUGH TO STALL WHEN WE'RE HALFWAY ACROSS!

THE ANCIENT STEAM-CAR DIDN'T STALL... BUT SHE DID STOP...

IT WORKED, BOSS! THE OLD RATTLE-BANG'S STUCK FAST!



STONE THE CROWS! WE'RE BOGGED DOWN IN A MASS OF GLUE!

HALF A MINUTE LATER...

KEEP PUSHING... I'VE LEFT THE ENGINE RUNNING! A BIT OF HEAVING MIGHT JUST ■■■ HER CLEAR!



DUSTY! A TRAIN'S COMING! I CAN HEAR IT!

DESPERATELY, THEY CALLED UP ALL THEIR STRENGTH, BUT...

IT-IT'S NO GOOD! DUSTY, WHAT'LL WE DO!



HOW THE ■■■ DO I KNOW? WAIT A MINUTE THOUGH, THIS WORKED BEFORE... MAYBE IT'LL WORK AGAIN!

YOU USELESS APOLOGY FOR A SCRAPHEAP! YOU'RE MORE TROUBLE THAN YOU'RE WORTH! YOU TEMPERAMENTAL OLD TIN-CAN... I HOPE THE TRAIN THAT'S COMING DOES MANGLE YOU INTO JUNK!

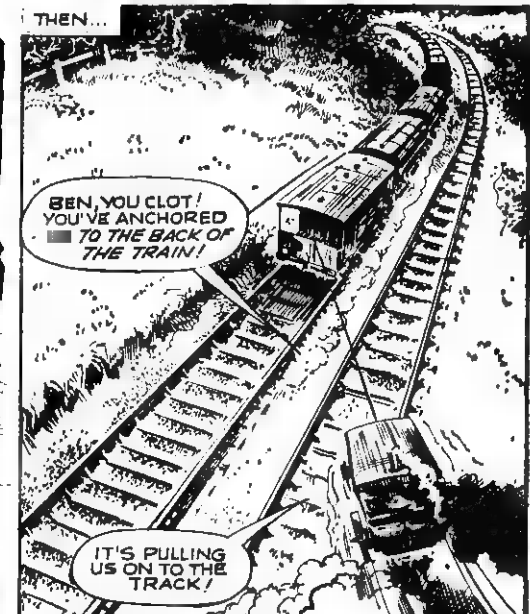
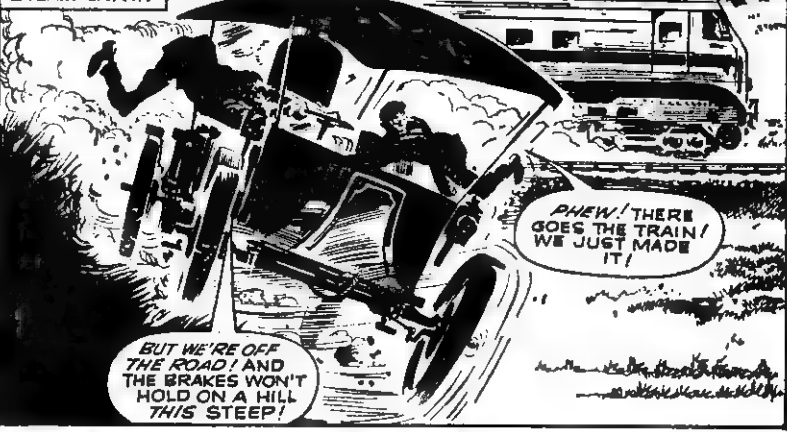


DUSTY, WHAT'S THE ■■■ WITH YOU? THIS IS NO TIME TO LOSE YOUR TEMPER!

NEXT MOMENT, WITH ■ FURIOUS HISS
■ ESCAPING STEAM...



EVEN AS THEY LEAPT ON TO THE SPEEDING
STEAM-CAR...



Fantastic Four



UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE WIZARD'S DIABOLICAL MACHINE, THE THING BELIEVES THE FANTASTIC FOUR TO BE HIS ENEMIES, AND IS NOW HELPING THE FRIGHTFUL FOUR TO FIGHT THEM. ALREADY HE HAS STUFFED REED RICHARDS INTO A METAL JAR, AND CAPTURED THE TORCH... AND NOW, THE WIZARD IS WORKING HIS EVIL DESIGNS ON JOHNNY.....

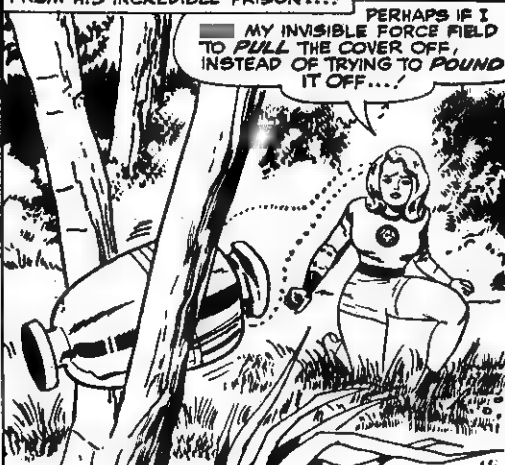
I HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU!

SAY HELLO TO THE NEWEST MEMBER OF OUR TEAM...THE HUMAN TORCH!



MEANWHILE, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, WE FIND STORM STILL TRYING TO EXTRICATE MR. FANTASTIC FROM HIS INCREDIBLE PRISON....

PERHAPS IF I MY INVISIBLE FORCE FIELD TO PULL THE COVER OFF, INSTEAD OF TRYING TO POUND IT OFF....



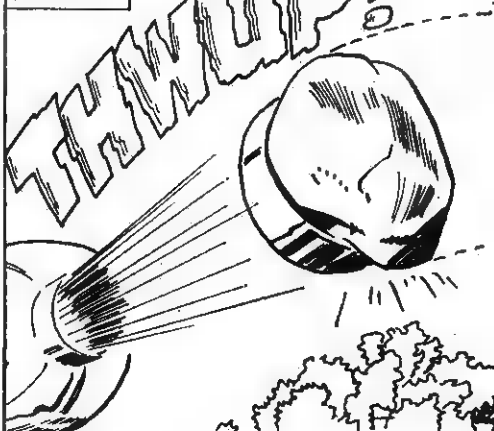
THE STRAIN...IT'S ALMOST UNBEARABLE... BUT I CAN'T GIVE UP... NOT WHILE REED IS A PRISONER....



I...I'M BLACKING OUT!! NO! I MUST HOLD ON! ...JUST A LITTLE MORE... A LITTLE MORE...!



AND THEN, FINALLY...



JUST IN TIME! ANOTHER FEW SECONDS, AND THE LAST REMAINING BIT OF AIR WOULD BEEN GONE...



REED...MY DARLING... YOU'RE SAFE! YOU'RE... OHHH...!

SUE! IT WAS YOU SAVED ME! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN!

SUE, MY DEAREST...I'LL GET US OUT OF THIS SOMEHOW! I WON'T FAIL YOU!



SHE'S FAINTED! BUT SHE'S COMING OUT OF IT NOW!

I HAVE TO REST... JUST FOR A MINUTE... CATCH MY BREATH... GET MY STRENGTH BACK...

JOHNNY... BEN... OH, REED... HOW CAN WE FIND THEM? JUST TWO OF US... WHAT CAN WE DO?

AND, JUST A SECOND... THROW AWAY, FIND...

WHERE CAN WE FIND HER, TORCH?

TORCH! PAY ATTENTION WHEN I SPEAK!

SURE! I JUST WANNA LOOK AT THIS... NEVER SAW ANYTHING... IT!

NOW THAT THE TORCH HAS JOINED US, WE'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE DISPOSING OF THE INVISIBLE MAN!

TOO BAD IT ISN'T FIREPROOF, HUH?

LOOK OUT! KEEP THAT FLAME AWAY FROM ME!

SORRY, LADY! I MUSTA BEEN CARELESS! NO HARD FEELINGS!

HE DID THAT PURPOSELY! LOOK AT HIS EYES! HE'S MEAN..VICIOUS..!

EXACTLY... THANKS MY MACHINE! IT'S JUST A WANT HIM!

SUDDENLY, THICK VAPOURS OF CONCENTRATED TEAR GAS... FILL THE INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE... WITHOUT ANY WARNING!

TEAR GAS! I... I CAN'T SEE... CAN'T BREATHE!

WE'RE UNDER ATTACK! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT!!

THE WINDOWS! GET OUT THROUGH THE WINDOWS!

AND, LEANING OVER THE ROOF ABOVE, WE FIND...

IT'S LUCKY WE FOUND THE WIZARD'S EQUIPMENT... IT'S WORKING FINE!

BETTER GET BACK TO THE STORE-HOUSE, HONEY!

THEY'LL BE RUSHING OUT ANY SECOND NOW!

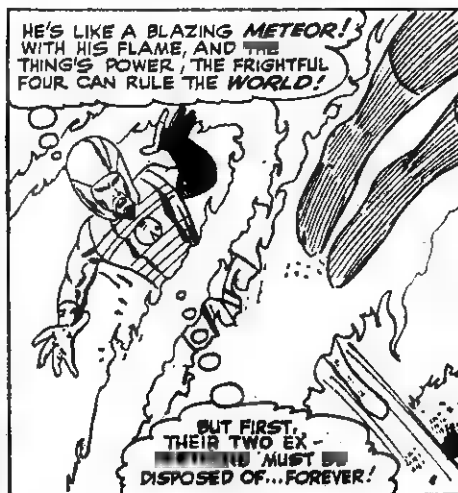
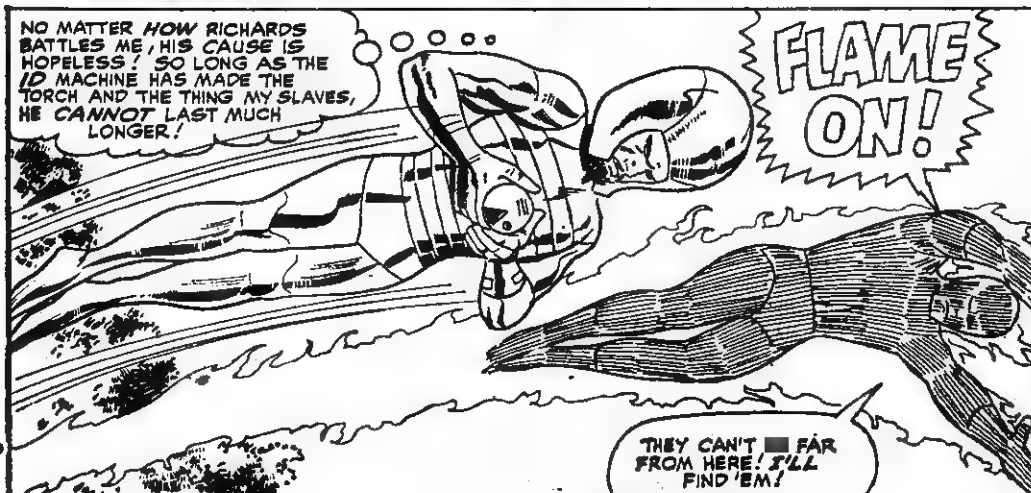
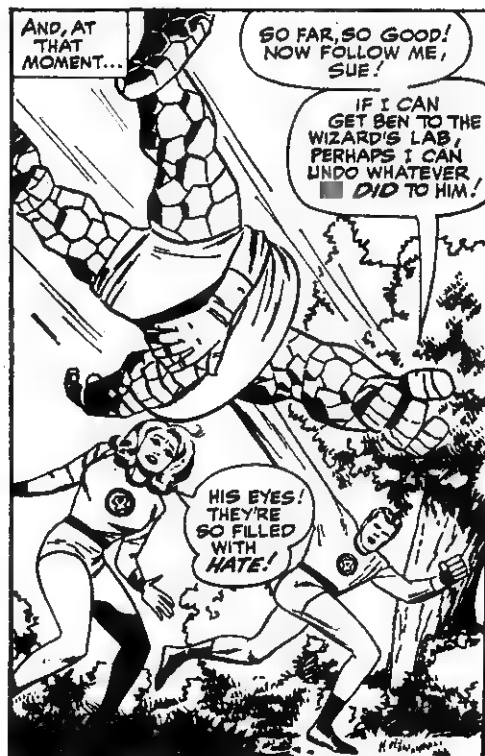
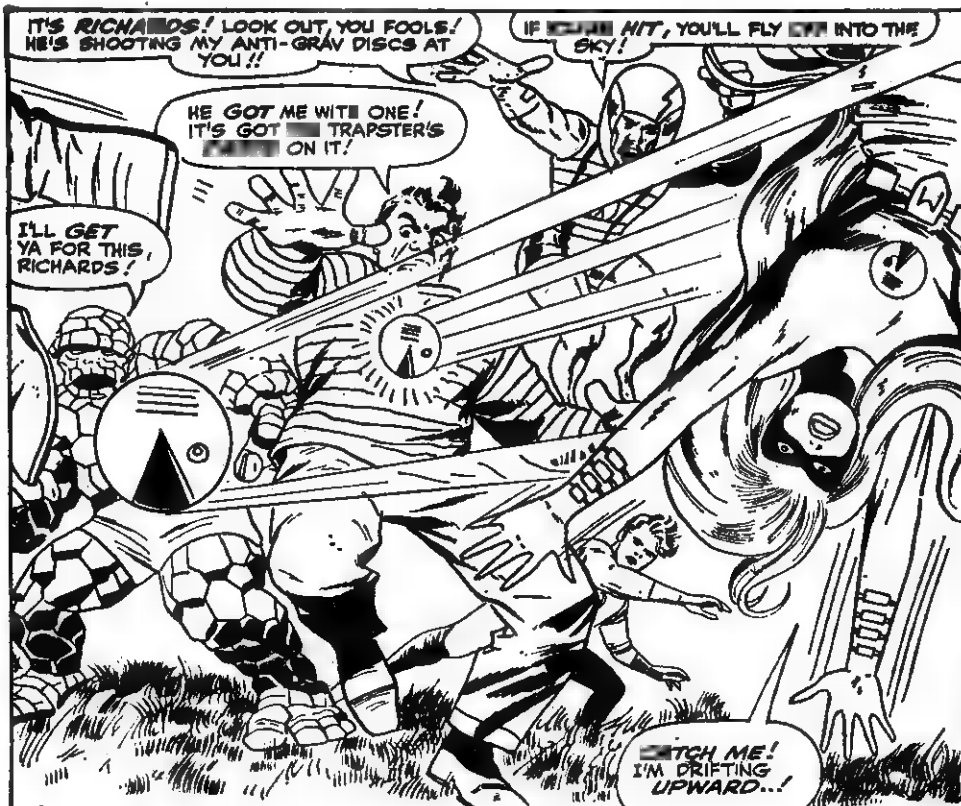
OUR TIMING IS PERFECT! IT COME! QUICK... LET ME HAVE THE DISCS.

OH, ...IF ONLY IT WILL WORK!

TRUST ME, SUE! THIS IS GOING TO BE OUR INNING!

WHAT COULD BE MORE FITTING THAN TO USE THE WIZARD'S OWN ANTI-GRAVITY DISCS AGAINST HIM? HERE GOES!

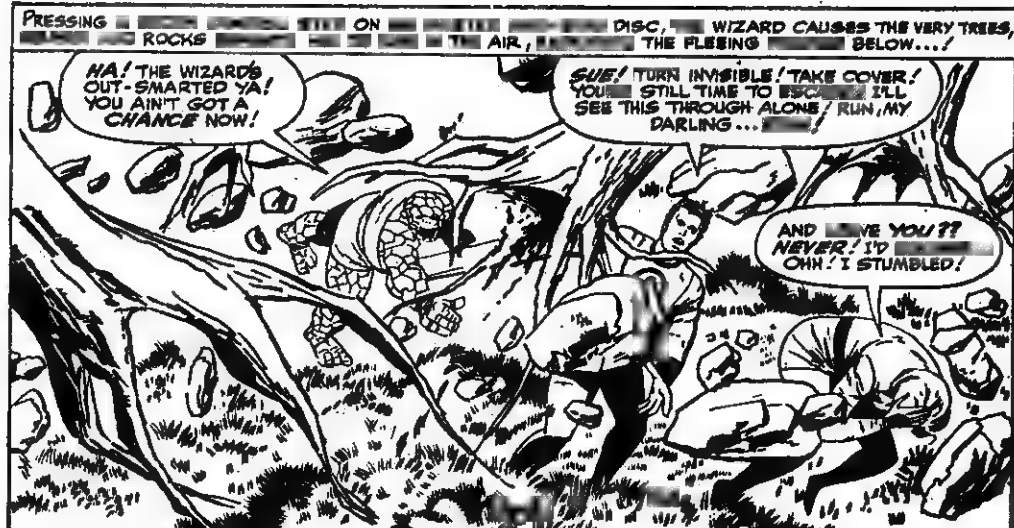
BE CAREFUL, REED!! JOHNNY AND BEN ARE THERE WITH HIM!





THE TORCH FLEW TOO FAST... MISSED THEM! BUT, I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THEM HIDING BENEATH THE TREES AS THEY RACE FOR THE HOUSE!

NOW, I'LL USE MY ANTI-GRAVITY POWER AS I'VE NEVER USED IT BEFORE!



PRESSING ROCKS STEEL ON THE AIR, THE FLEEING WIZARD CAUSES THE VERY TREES, THE FLEEING BELOW...

HA! THE WIZARD'S OUT-SMARTED YA! YOU AIN'T GOT A CHANCE NOW!

SUE! TURN INVISIBLE! TAKE COVER! YOU'VE STILL TIME TO ESCAPE! I'LL SEE THIS THROUGH ALONE! RUN, MY DARLING...

AND LOVE YOU?? NEVER! I'D OH! I STUMBLED!



BUT, BY THE TIME VALIANT GIRL REGAINS HER FOOTING, BOTH SHE STAND TRANFIXED, UPWARDS, SEE...

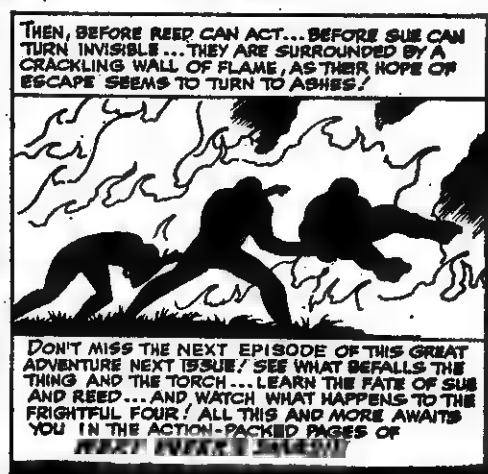
IT'S JOHNNY! HE'S WITH THE WIZARD... TAKING ORDERS FROM HIM!

FIRST, BEN NOW HIM! MY OWN BROTHER... DIVING DOWN TO ATTACK US!



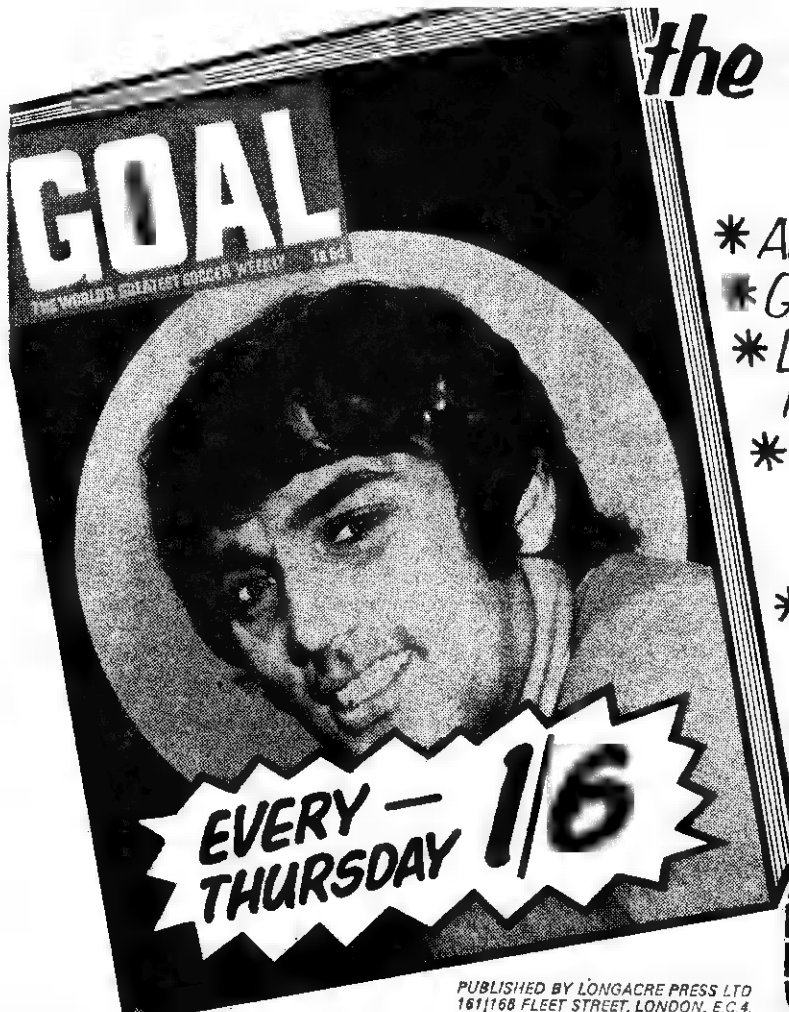
LET GO OF THE TH RICHARDS! I SAID LET GO!

OKAY THEN... IF I TO, I'LL DO IT THE HARD WAY!



THEN, BEFORE REED CAN ACT... BEFORE SUE CAN TURN INVISIBLE... THEY ARE SURROUNDED BY A CRACKLING WALL OF FLAME, AS THEIR HOPE OF ESCAPE SEEMS TO TURN TO ASHES!

DON'T MISS THE NEXT EPISODE OF THIS GREAT ADVENTURE NEXT ISSUE! SEE WHAT BEFALLS THE THING AND THE TORCH... LEARN THE FATE OF SUE AND REED... AND WATCH WHAT HAPPENS TO THE FRIGHTFUL FOUR! ALL THIS AND MORE AWAITS YOU IN THE ACTION-PACKED PAGES OF NEXT WEEK'S EDITION!



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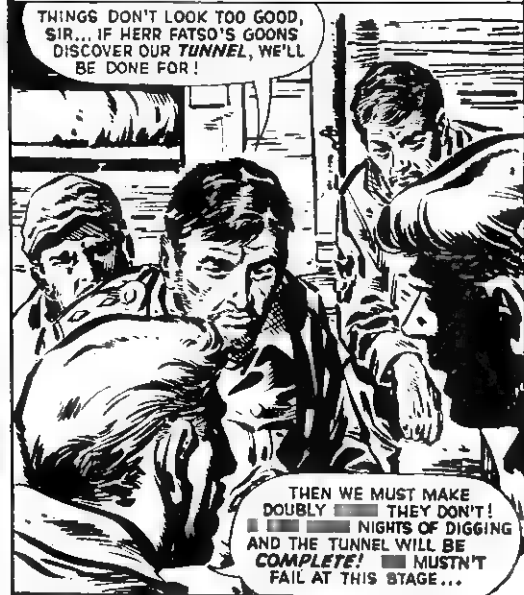
ESCAPE FROM OFFLAG IV!

AT THE NOTORIOUS OFFLAG IV CAMP FOR ALLIED PRISONERS OF WAR IN GERMANY IN 1943, THE CAMP COMMANDANT, FRITZ GRUBER, WAS WARNING PRISONERS AGAINST ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE...



THAT NIGHT THE 'ESCAPE COMMITTEE' GATHERED IN CAPTAIN SCOTT'S HUT...

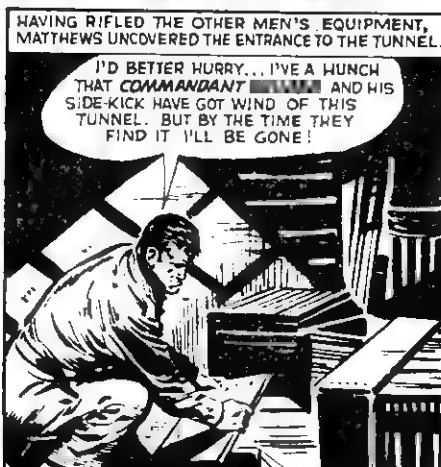
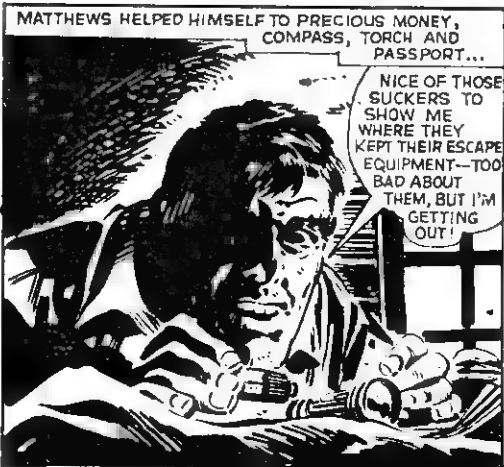
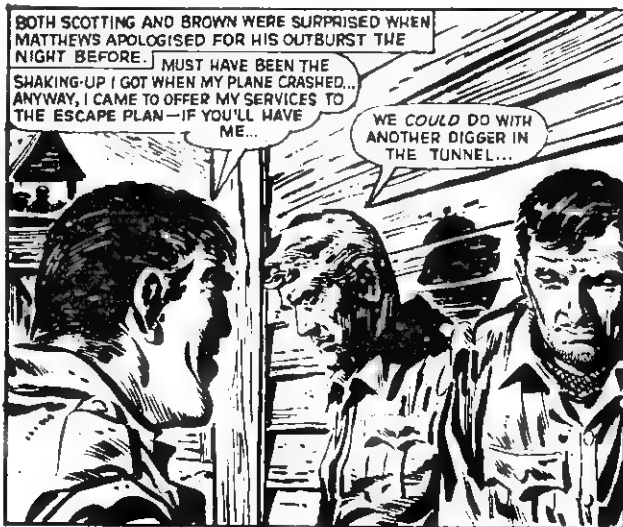
THINGS DON'T LOOK TOO GOOD, SIR... IF HERR FATSO'S GOONS DISCOVER OUR TUNNEL, WE'LL BE DONE FOR!



THE NEWCOMER MATTHEWS SOON REVEALED HE HAD AN UGLY NATURE.

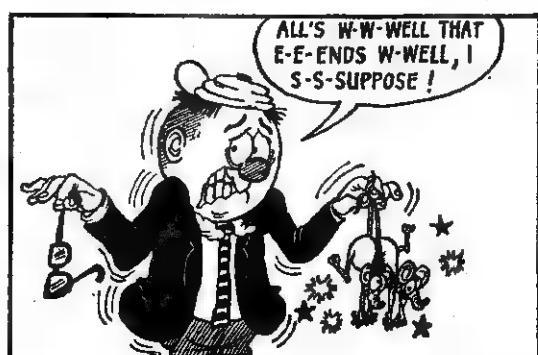
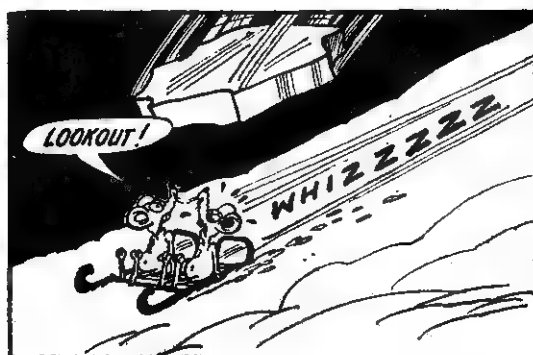
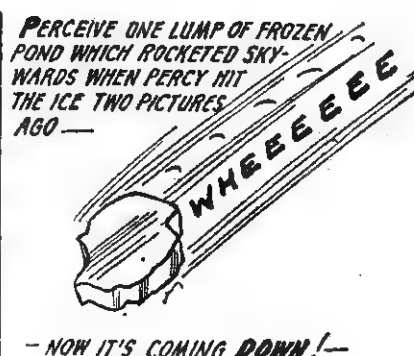
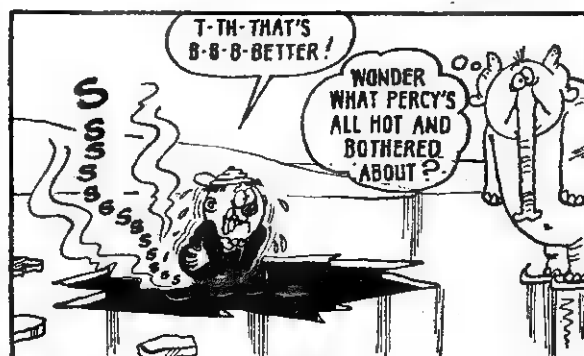
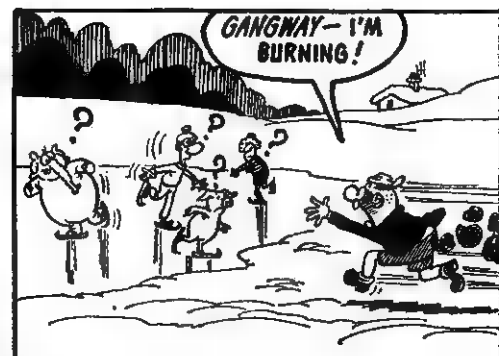
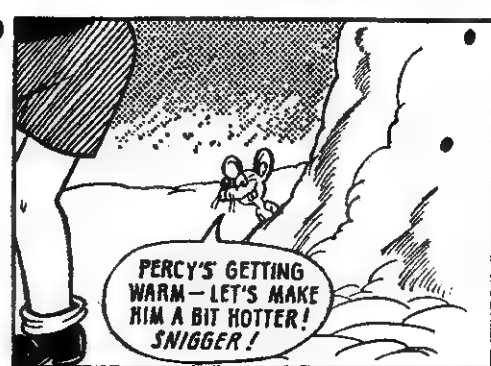
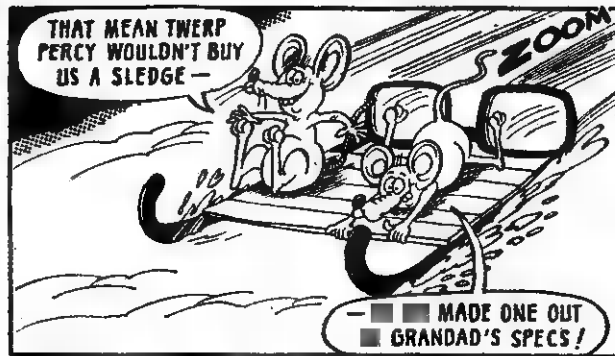
OUTTA MY WAY, WEAKLINGS! I'M HUNGRY! YOU GOTTA LEARN IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF IN A PRISON CAMP!







PERCY'S PETS



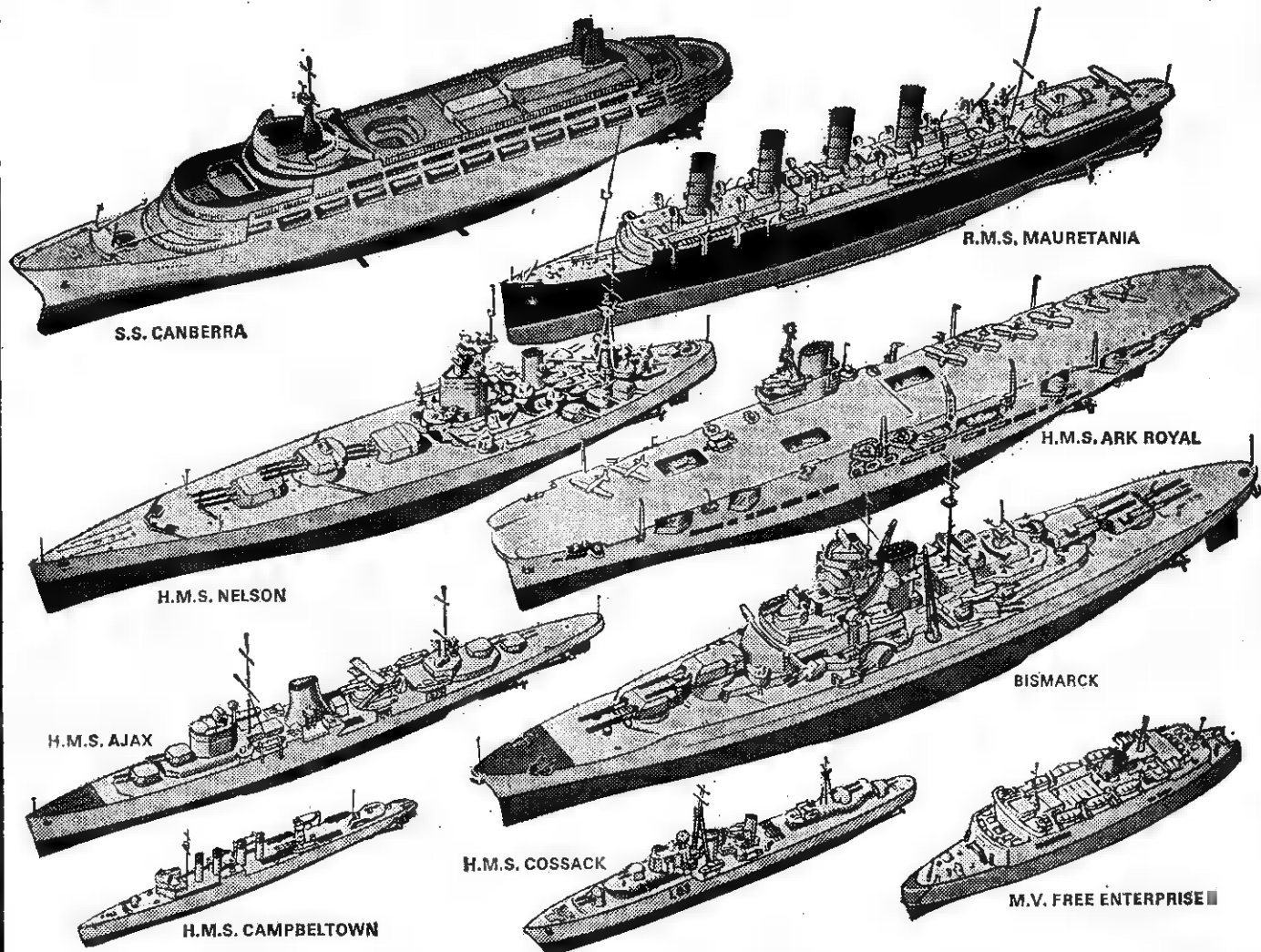


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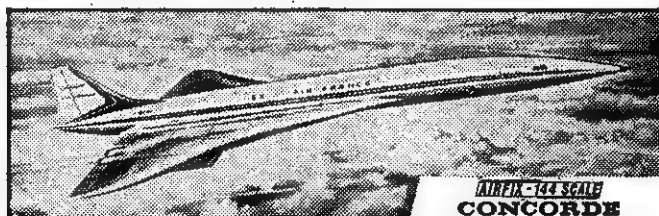
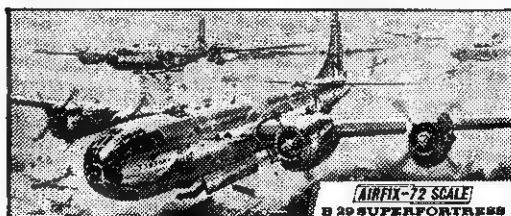
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BRIAN'S BRAIN

BRIAN'S FAITHFUL HELPER, THE AMAZING ARTIFICIAL **ROBOT** **RADARIAN** BEEN HIDDEN INSIDE THE HEAD OF **BARRETT**, THE ROBOT'S OWNER, AND HIS HENCHMEN FROM THE FUNFAIR HAVE POUNCED ON BRIAN AND HIS FRIEND, **DUFFY**!

BARRETT'S GOING TO TAKE THE **ROBOT** OUT OF THE ROBOT AND DESTROY IT! HOW CAN I MAKE HIM STOP?

SUDDENLY— WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS, BARRETT? SET THE BOYS FREE!

WE'RE SAVED, BRIAN! IT'S MY UNCLE BERT!

"PORKY" BARRETT BLUSTERS. THOSE BOYS PINCHED MY GIANT ROBOT, RADARIAN, FROM MY FAIRGROUND BOOTH!

WE DIDN'T!

GET YOUR **ROBOT** BACK TO THE FAIRGROUND! WE'LL CLEAR UP THIS MYSTERY LATER!

BUT THE BRAIN BELONGS TO ME!

THE ROBOT'S BRAIN BELONGS TO YOU? THAT'S NONSENSE! GET IN THE CAR, BRIAN.

IT'S NO GOOD— EVEN DUFFY'S UNCLE DOESN'T BELIEVE ME!

BARRETT'S SWITCHED THE **ELECTRIC POWER** RADARIAN. IT'S BEGINNING TO GET UP!

THANK GOODNESS! WITH THE POWER SWITCHED ON, THE BRAIN CAN CONTROL RADARIAN. HE'LL BE ABLE TO STOP BARRETT'S TRICKS NOW.

I'M TAKING YOU TWO **ROBOTS** TO THE CIRCUS. THE VILLAIN HAS CLOBBERED RICKY, THE TRAPEZE BOY—HE'S IN HOSPITAL BABBLING ABOUT A DEFENCE PLAN!

THE **ROBOT** PLAN! HOW CAN I EXPLAIN THAT I ACCIDENTALLY **ROBOT** IT TO ASHES?

AT BERT MATCHEM'S CIRCUS...

YOU MUST BOTH STAY IN THE CARAVAN! THERE'S A COUNTRY-WIDE SEARCH FOR THE DEFENCE PLAN, AND FOR THE SINISTER **ROBOT** SHADOW!

ONLY THE BRAIN CAN PUT EVERYTHING RIGHT. I'VE GOT TO GET HIM BACK, WHATEVER MR. MATCHEM SAYS!

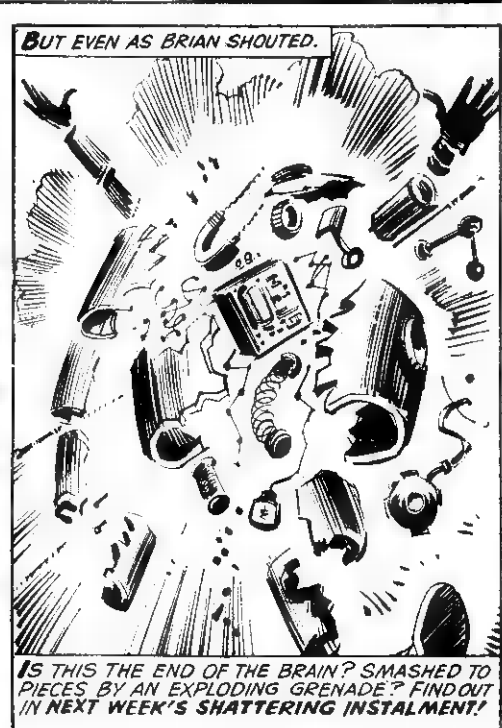
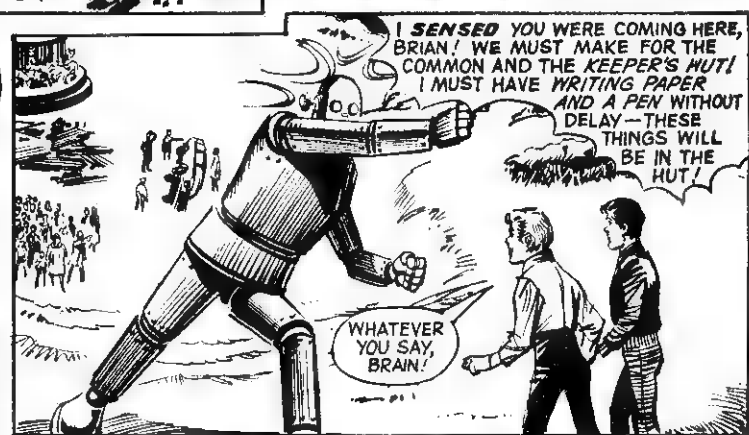
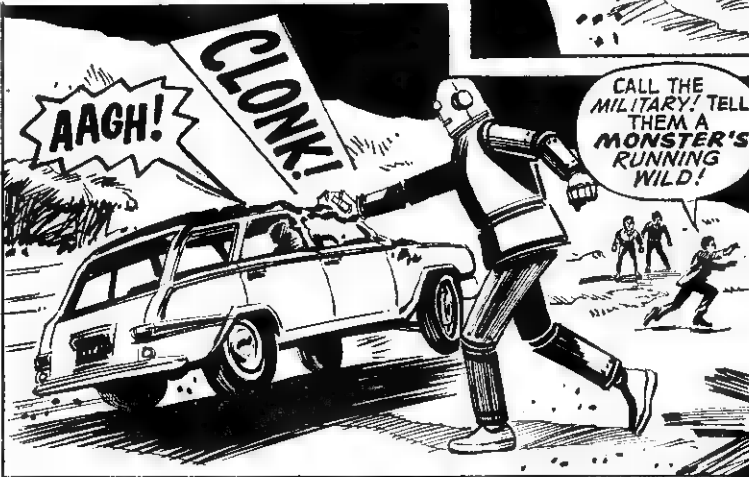
IN THEIR CARAVAN—

BUSTER, THE CIRCUS COWBOY, **ROBOT** COME AT LEAST HE WASN'T KILLED IN THAT GUN DUEL WITH GREY SHADOW.

BUT WHOSE **ROBOT** HE ON? HE CHASED ME WITH HIS SIX-SHOOTER! LET'S GO, DUFFY!

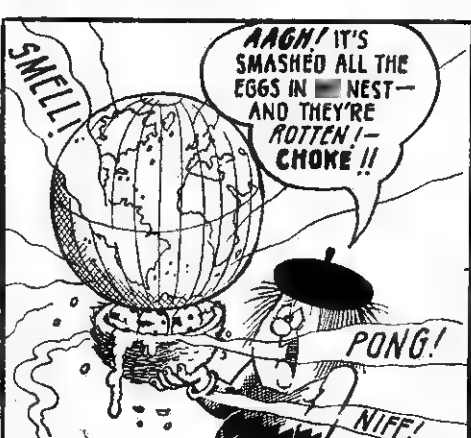
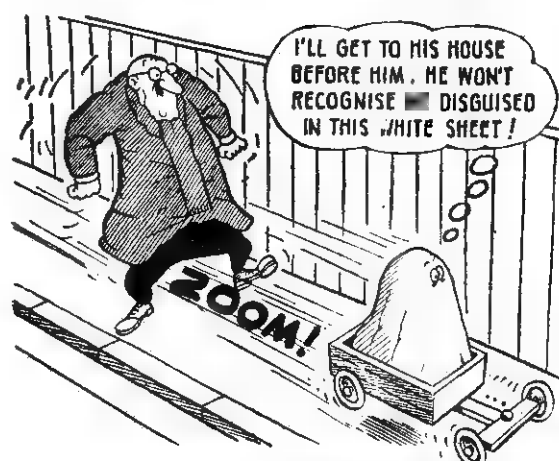
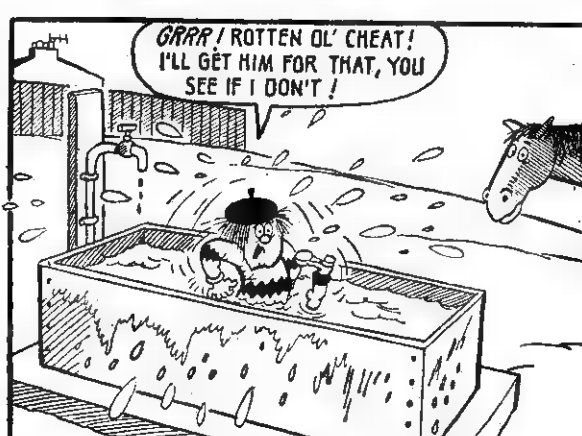
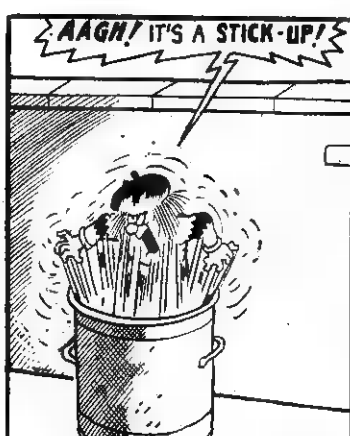
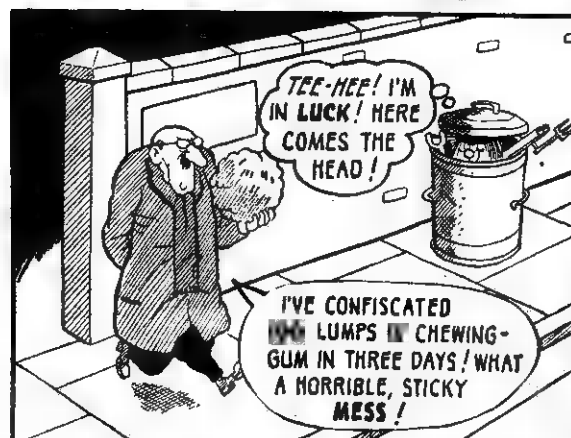
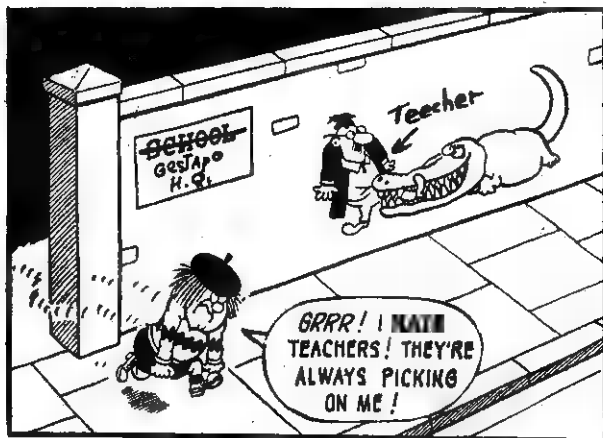
GOSH! AN ARMED POLICE GUARD! WHERE'RE **ROBOTS** GOING, BRIAN?

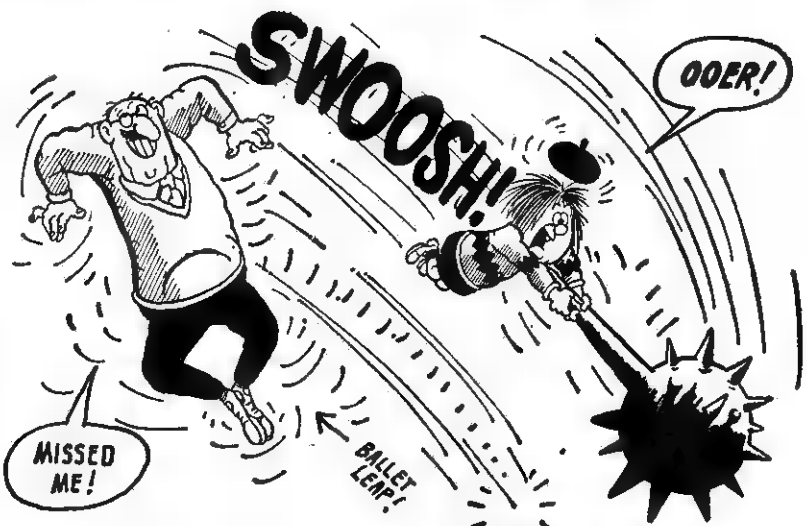
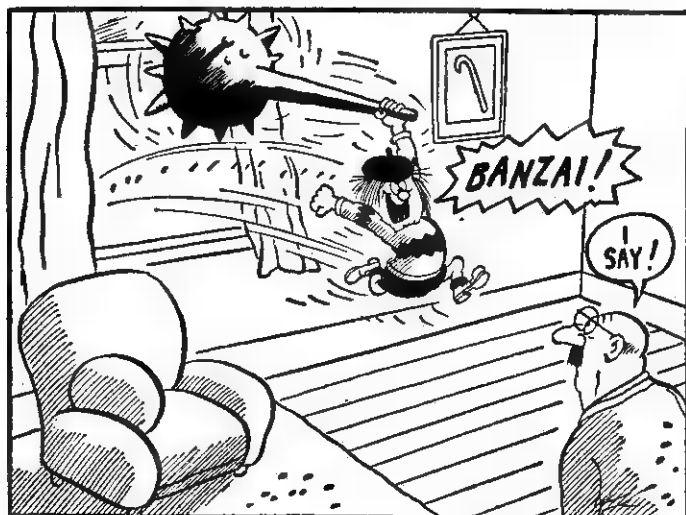
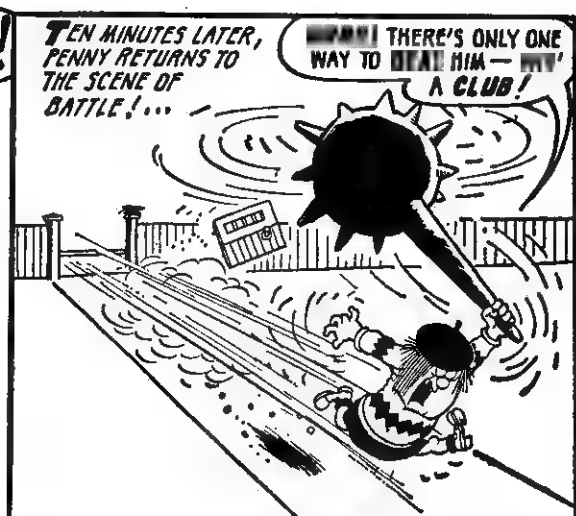
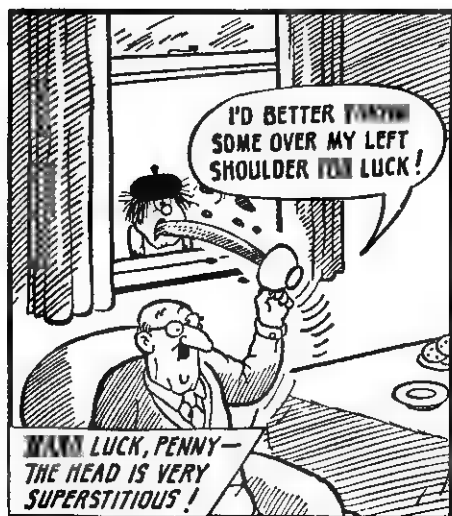
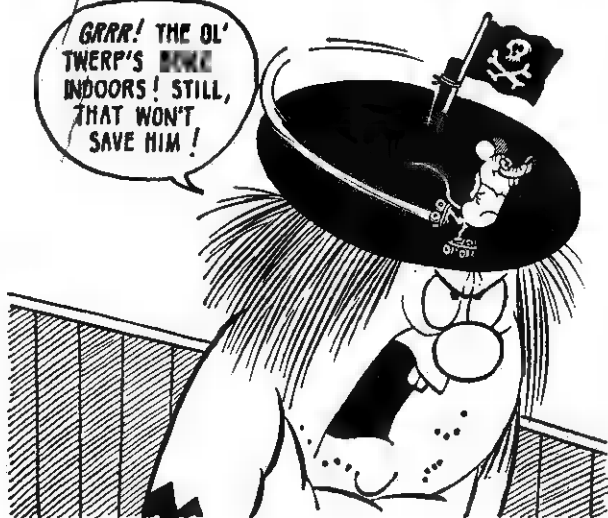
TO BARRETT'S ROBOT BOOTH— TO **ROBOT** IF THE BRAIN WENT BACK THERE!





BAD PENNY





DESTINATION DANGER

JEFF JACKSON, A YOUNG ENGLISH RACING MOTORIST DRIVING FOR PUMA MOTORS IN THE U.S.A., WAS FORCED TO RETIRE FROM THE ANZON DERBY RACE WHEN HIS CAR CAUGHT FIRE. PUMA'S ACE DRIVER, VIC STAFFORD, WHOM JEFF KNEW WAS IN LEAGUE WITH NERO AUTOS, AN UNSCRUPULOUS RIVAL FIRM, ALSO DROVE INTO THE PITS. JEFF KNOCKED HIM OUT AND REJOINED THE RACE IN STAFFORD'S CAR. BUT THE BOSS OF PUMAS ANGRILY ORDERED THAT JEFF SHOULD BE SIGNALLED TO RETURN TO THE PITS.

BREDON, BOSS OF PUMA MOTORS WATCHED AS JEFF SPED TOWARDS THE PITS ON THE NEXT LAP---

IF JACKSON DISOBEYS THAT SIGNAL--I'LL MAKE CERTAIN HE NEVER RACES AGAIN!



JEFF THE SIGNAL. FOR A SPLIT SECOND, HE HESITATED---

WHAT IN THE WORLD SHALL I DO? IF I OBEY, PUMAS WILL BE OUT OF THE RACE--AND STAFFORD'S TREACHEROUS PLAN WILL SUCCEED!



JEFF CAME TO A SWIFT DECISION---

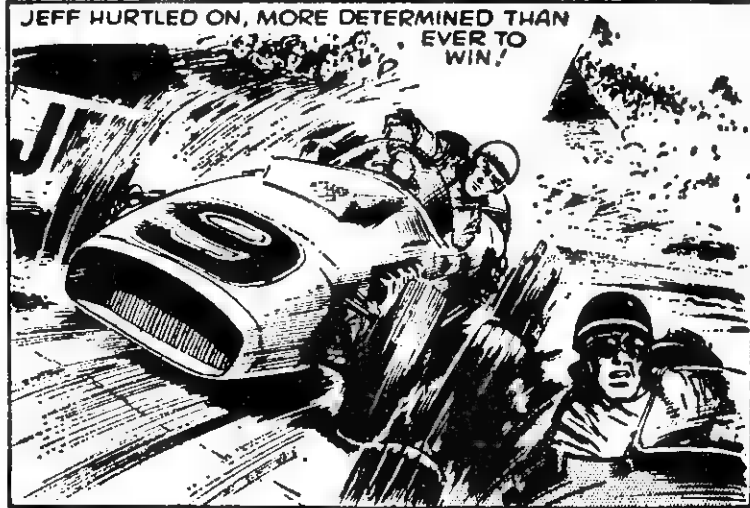
TO HECK WITH THE SIGNAL! STAFFORD WANTS ME TO LOSE--BUT I MEAN TO WIN!



THAT'S THE END OF JACKSON! HE'LL NEVER DRIVE ANOTHER RACING CAR!



JEFF HURTLIED ON, MORE DETERMINED THAN EVER TO WIN!



AS LAP FOLLOWED LAP, JEFF'S PUMA BEGAN TO CLOSE-UP ON THE LEADERS!



VANDON'S CRASHED! NEROS LEAD, BUT JACKSON, WHO'S TAKEN OVER STAFFORD'S PUMA, IS NOW LYING FIFTH!



JEFF ROARED TOWARDS A NARROW BRIDGE. BATTLING FOR SUPREMACY WITH A RIVAL, BUT THERE WAS ROOM ONLY FOR ONE CAR TO PASS —



SHOWING DARE-DEVIL SKILL, JEFF KEPT HIS FOOT ON THE ACCELERATOR — AND IT WAS THE RIVAL WHO GAVE WAY!



STILL THE SPEED-DUEL CONTINUED. TEN LAPS LATER — —

JACKSON'S COMMENT WAS WITH BELL IN ONE OF THE NEROS. THEY'RE MOVING FOR THIRD PLACE!



SEVERAL TIMES JEFF TRIED TO FORCE HIS PUMA INTO THE NERO, BUT EACH TIME HAD TO DROP BACK...

BY HECK, HE'S A GREAT DRIVER!



THEN THE TWO CARS ROARED THROUGH THE TOWN, NECK-AND-NECK...



BUT THE STRAIN ON THE NERO WAS TOO MUCH. SUDDENLY...



THE WHEEL HURTTLED TOWARD THE SPECTATORS —

LOOK OUT — THE WHEEL'S COMING STRAIGHT FOR US!



JEFF REALISED, THAT WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD AVERT DISASTER TO THE CROWD! IT MIGHT RUIN HIS CHANCES OF WINNING THE RACE — BUT HE NOT HESITATE!

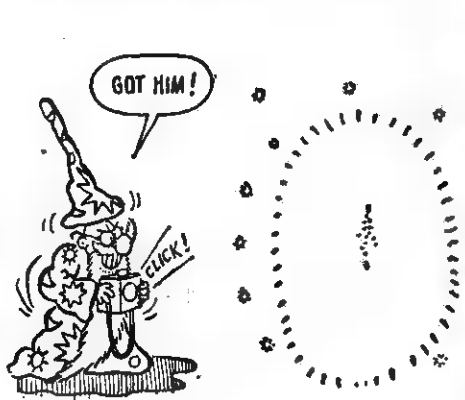
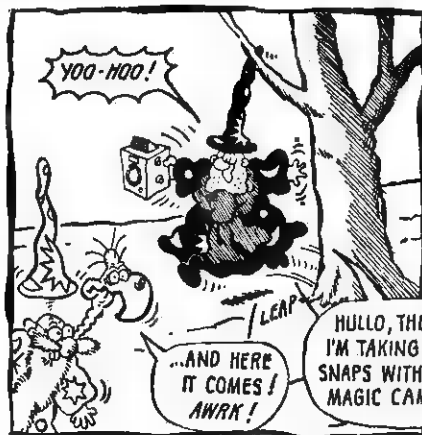
I'VE GOT TO STOP THAT WHEEL CRASHING INTO THE CROWD!

CAN JEFF SAVE THE CROWD? — SEE NEXT WEEK'S SMASH!

WIZARD PRANG

IN WIZ WAR

DEMON DRUID



THE MIGHTY THOR!

LET THERE BE... CHAOS!



MAD WITH RAGE, THE ALL-MIGHTY ODIN HURLS A REGAL BOLT, FROM FAR-OFF ASGARD TO THE PLANET EARTH... A BOLT WHICH STRIKES THE FOUR FIGHTING IMMORTALS UPON THE PLANET BELOW...

AND SO THE BEWITCHMENT BEGINS...

SUDDENLY, A LIGHT BRISTLES INTO A WHIRL OF DARKNESS... TO THE FORTUNE OF A MORTAL WHO HURDLES SILENTLY BELOW! AND THEN...



HEAR THOU THE WORDS OF ODIN...

HEAR THOU THE WORDS OF HIM WHO IS MOST SORELY DISPLEASED!



THOU HAST LOST TO DISOBEY MINE ORDERS, IMMORTAL!

I HAVE FORBIDDEN THY VISIT TO EARTH... AND YET...

THERE, BEFORE MINE EYES, THOU DO STAND ON THE PLANET OF MORTALS!



IF WITH MORTALS THOU WOULDST DWELL...

SO BE IT!

AS POWERLESS AS THEY SHALT THOU BE!

I HAVE SPOKEN!



NOW, LOKI... THOU HAST LOST THY POWER...

EVEN AS I HAVE LOST MINE!

THUS, WHEN WE CONTINUE BATTLE... MEET ON EQUAL TERMS!

NOT SO, ACCURSED ONE!

THERE SHALL BE NO BATTLE!

AT LEAST... NOT YET!



WITH OUR GODLIKE POWER GONE, 'TIS YOU WHO ARE THE STRONGEST...

FOR YOUR OWN NATURAL STRENGTH THE GREATEST OF ALL!

BUT, NOT FOR LONG SHALL THE ADVANTAGE BE YOURS!

THOR FEARS NO THREATS, EVIL ONE!

I DO MORE THAN THREATEN...



WHOEVER FIRST REGAINS HIS ENCHANTED POWER SHALL BE THE VICTOR!

AND THAT ONE SHALL BE... LOKI!

MAYHAP I SHOULD DESTROY THEE NOW...

BUT I CANNOT ATTACK ONE WHO FLEES LIKE A SPINELESS JACKAL!

THOUGH ■■■■ HAS LOST ■■■■ ENCHANTED POWERS... HE ■■■■ STILL THE MOST MENACING...THE MOST DEADLY ■■■■ OF ALL WHO LIVE!



THOR SAYS
THREE NAY!

I SAY HE MUST
BE PURSUED!

BALDER HATH
NO FEAR OF CUNNING
LOKI!

MINUTES LATER... AS A SPECIALLY-TRAINED ■■■■ TO ACTION...



CAREFUL! ■■■■ WAS LAST
SEEN ON THIS VERY
ROOFTOP!

FAN OUT! SEARCH
EVERY BLAMED
INCH OF THE
PLACE!

WHY THE
PANIC?

HE'S ONLY
ARMED WITH A
CROWBAR!

YEAH... BUT ■■■■
HIS HANDS IT
CAN ■■■■ AS
DANGEROUS
AS A BAZOOKA!

MEANWHILE, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



THE WRECKER...
AGAIN!

YESSIR! WE'LL
PUT EVERY
AVAILABLE
MAN ON IT!

THE WRECKER
GETS MORE
■■■■ WITH
EVERY JOB!

AND ■■■■
SLIPPING THROUGH
OUR TRAPS
LIKE A GREASED
PIG!



THERE'S NO
DOUBT ■■■■
IT... THE MAN'S
A MISNOMER!

THERE'S NO
THING ■■■■
SIDE, ANYWAY...

■■■■ HE HASN'T ANY
SPECIAL SUPER-HUMAN
POWERS LIKE SOME
OTHERS WHO'VE
PLAGUED US IN THE
PAST!

IMAGINE HOW
DISASTROUS
IT WOULD BE
IF HE DID!

WRECKER
STRIKES
AGAIN!



WELL, ■■■■
THING'S FOR
SURE...

HE'S MADE HIS
ESCAPE,
ALL RIGHT!

HE'S NOWHERE
AROUND
HERE!

C'MON...
WE'LL TRY
SOME OF
THE OTHER
BUILDINGS!



THEY'RE
GONE!

THEY MOVED ■■■■ FAST.
I HADDA DROP ALL
THE LOOT ■■■■ WAS
CARRYING!

BUT, AT
LEAST THE
GOT AWAY...
SCOT FREE!

NOW, ALL
I GOTTA
DO IS FIND
ANOTHER
VICTIM...!

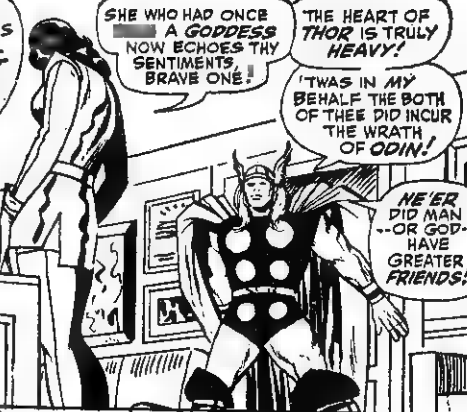
AND, AT THAT MOMENT, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN...



■■■■ WE BE...
FORSAKEN BY THE
ALL-WISE... STRANDED
■■■■ A ■■■■ OF
MORTALS...
WITHOUT
PURPOSE,
OR PLAN!

NE'ER HAVE THE LIPS
OF ■■■■ UTTERED
COMPLAINT... NO
MATTER HOW GREAT
THE ■■■■ 'PON THE
FIELD OF BATTLE...

BUT, TO
SIT THUS
IDLE...
'TIS NOT
FOR THE
LIKES OF
ME!



SHE WHO HAD ONCE
A GODDESS
NOW ECHOES THY
SENTIMENTS,
BRAVE ONE!

THE HEART OF
THOR IS TRULY
HEAVY!

'T WAS IN MY
BEHALF OF
THEE DID INCUR
THE WRATH
OF ODIN!

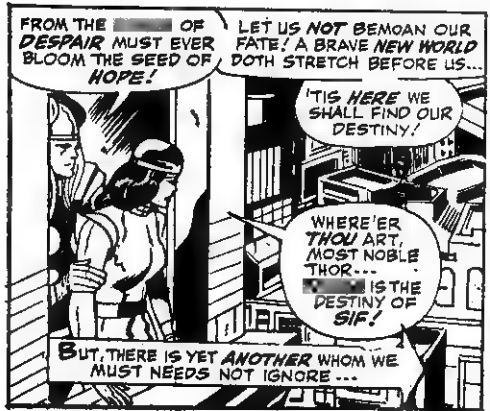
NE'ER
DID MAN...
OR GOD...
HAVE
GREATER
FRIENDS!



AND, ONE THERE ■■■■
WHO DOTH ■■■■ MORE...
MORE THAN FRIEND!

BUT, THE TIME ■■■■ OUT ■■■■ JOINT!
'TIS NOT NOW THE MOMENT TO
DWELL UPON SUCH MATTERS
OF THE HEART!

AHH, MY PRINCE...
MY OWN TRUE LOVE!
THE LIPS OF SIF
ARE ■■■■ READY...
TO SPEAK OF
LOVE!



FROM THE ■■■■ OF
DESPAIR MUST EVER
BLOOM THE SEED OF
HOPE!

LET US NOT BEMOAN OUR
FATE! A BRAVE NEW WORLD
DOETH STRETCH BEFORE US...

'TIS HERE
WE SHALL FIND OUR
DESTINY!

WHERE'ER
THOU ART,
MOST NOBLE
THOR...
■■■■ IS THE
DESTINY OF
SIF!

BUT, THERE IS YET ANOTHER WHOM WE
MUST NEEDS NOT IGNORE...



...AND, WE FIND HIM NOW... LURKING WITHIN A
GLOOMY RENTED ROOM...

HAH! NOT FOR
LONG SHALL ■■■■ BE
WITHOUT MY MYSTIC
POWERS!



ALL I NEED DO IS SUMMON
MY SISTER IN EVIL...

FOR, MANY ARE THE
FAVOURS OWED LOKI
BY THE SUPREMELY
SINISTER NORN
QUEEN!

MANY
TIMES
HAS SHE
DARED...
WITH
LOKI...
TO DEFEY
THE WILL
OF ODIN!



THOUGH HER POWER IS NOT SO GREAT AS HIS... IT WILL ENABLE ME TO BE MANY TIMES THE SUPERIOR OF THOR, AND OF US WHO DO HIM!

BUT HOLD! WHAT DO I HEAR?

A SOUND... FROM OUTSIDE MY WINDOW!



ME! WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME?

SHALL THE DEADLY LOKI FALL PREY TO FEAR OF ME?

ENOUGH! LET ME RETURN TO MY MYSTIC TASK!



NEAR ME, QUEEN OF THE NORNS! 'TIS LOKI WHO SUMMONS THEE!

THOU MUST GRANT ME POWER... POWER ENOW TO VANQUISH ALL WHO OPPOSE MY WILL!



WHO HE IS... BUT WITH A COSTUME LIKE THAT... JUST PULLED A JOB HIMSELF!

SO I'LL JUST SMASH MY WAY AND A JACK LOOT!

IT IS DONE! AND NOW...

WHAT WAS THAT?



STAY WHERE YA ARE, MISTER... AND YOU WON'T GET HURT!

ALL I WANT FROM YOU IS YOUR LOOT!

AN INTRUDER!! ACTUALLY DARING TO THREATEN ME!

FOOL! I'LL CRUSH YOU LIKE A FLEA!



OKAY, PAL... DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YA!

I CAN CREASE THE DOME OF A FLY AT A HUNDRED YARDS!

I'LL JUST DUST YA ENOUGH TO KEEP YOU QUIET TILL I'M DONE!



HEY! I THOUGHT THERE'D SOMETHIN' SPECIAL IN THIS CONTAINER!

IT'S SOME KINDA NUTTY HELMET...

--LIKE THE ONE THAT MUSCLE-BOUND THUNDER GOD WEARS!

THE WAY HE HAD IT WRAPPED UP, IT MUST BE WORTH PLENTY!

I ALWAYS WANTED TO TRY ONE OF THESE THINGS ON...



BUT, NO SOONER DOES THE WRECKER DON LOKI'S HELMET, THAN THE NORN QUEEN APPEARS...

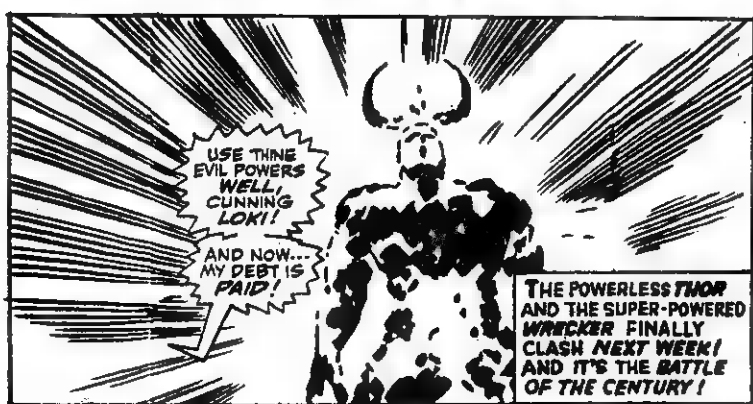
GOD OF EVIL... THY SUMMONS IS ANSWERED!

HUH...?

THAT WHICH YOU REQUEST SHALL BE THINE!



SO BE IT!



USE THINE EVIL POWERS WELL, CUNNING LOKI!

AND NOW... MY DEBT IS PAID!

THE POWERLESS THOR AND THE SUPER-POWERED WRECKER FINALLY CLASH NEXT WEEK! AND IT'S THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY!

DISPLAY EDITION
COMPLETE with 60 Scale Miniature Painted Cricketers, stumps, ball, etc. **24/11**

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SUBBUTEO

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THE SPECTRE vs THE DEMON

IN PURSUIT OF A CREATURE WHICH HAS EVERY APPEARANCE OF BEING A VAMPIRE, JIM JORDAN FINDS A SINISTER TRAIL...

IT'S RED AND STICKY...AND YET IT ISN'T BLOOD, AS I THOUGHT. IT'S SOME SORT OF PAINT.

THE POOLS OF GLISTENING RED LIQUID LED TO A DOOR SET INTO THE HIGH BLANK WALL.

A TRAIL OF FAKE BLOOD, LEADING TO THIS DOOR. AND THE DOOR IS OPEN! OBVIOUSLY I'M INTENDED TO ENTER!

JIM JORDAN, THE MAN THE WORLD THINKS TO BE DEAD, TURNS AND RETRACES HIS STEPS.

BUT IF I PASSED THROUGH THAT DOOR, WITHOUT DOUBT I'D BE WALKING INTO A TRAP! I'LL FIND ANOTHER WAY OF LEARNING WHAT LIES BEYOND THIS WALL!

APPROACHING THE SAME CORNER, BUT FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION, IS THE OLD SEXTON OF THE CHURCH OF ALL SOULS IN THE FIELD... AND WITH HIM ARE TWO POLICE OFFICERS.

ARE YOU SURE YOU SAW A MAN IN YOUR CHURCHYARD, EMERGING FROM A TOMB?

QUITE SURE, OFFICER. A STRANGE FELLOW HE WAS. AND HE CAME THIS WAY.

HA! I DON'T KNOW WHETHER WE'RE ON A MAN-HUNT OR A GHOST-HUNT!

AT THE CORNER THEY COME FACE TO FACE WITH JIM.

THERE HE IS!

I KNOW THAT FACE! IT'S JIM JORDAN, WHO WAS CHIEF CRIME REPORTER ON THE GLOBE! BUT JIM JORDAN IS DEAD!

JORDAN'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT! BUT WE'VE HEARD THE RUMOURS THAT HE LIVES ON — AS THE SPECTRE!

A-S-SPECTRE!

LOOK AT HIS HANDS! THEY'RE COVERED IN BLOOD!

THE OLD MAN WAS RIGHT! IT'S JORDAN — BACK FROM THE GRAVE!

JIM TURNS AND MELTS BACK INTO THE ALLEY.

THEY'LL BE OVER THEIR SCARE IN A MOMENT! BUT THAT MOMENT GIVES ME A CHANCE TO ESCAPE!

THIS ALLEY IS A DEAD END. I'VE GOT NO CHOICE. I'VE GOT TO ENTER THIS DOOR AFTER ALL!

AS JIM STEPS INSIDE, A HIDDEN SPRING SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.



WHAT..!

THEN JIM SEES THE EVIL SHAPE POISED ON THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING IN FRONT OF HIM.

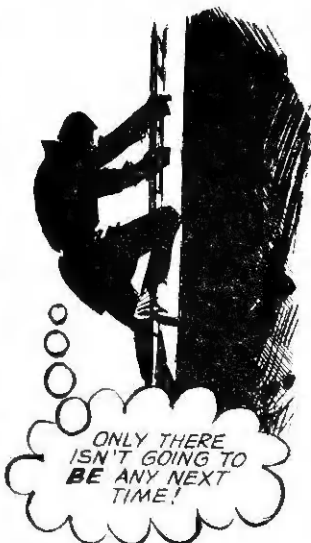


WELCOME!
I HAVE BEEN
EXPECTING
YOU!

JIM LEAPS FOR THE NARROW IRON LADDER THAT RUNS UP THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING.



PARDON ME
FOR NOT FREEZING
WITH TERROR AT
THE SIGHT OF YOU.
BUT I HAPPEN TO
KNOW YOU'RE A
PHONEY! TO MAKE
YOUR ACT MORE
CONVINCING, YOU'D
BETTER USE REAL
BLOOD NEXT
TIME!



ONLY THERE
ISN'T GOING TO
BE ANY NEXT
TIME!



FOOL! THIS ROOF LEADS
NOWHERE! BUT YOU
CANNOT CATCH THE
VAMPIRE!

AND WITH THESE WORDS THE BLACK-GARBED FIGURE LAUNCHES ITSELF INTO THE AIR!



HE DOESN'T
REALLY FLY. HE
GLIDES WITH THAT
CLOAK OF HIS OUT-
STRETCHED. BUT
HE MUSTN'T
ESCAPE ME
NOW!

AND JIM JORDAN
HURLS HIMSELF
INTO SPACE!

HIS REACHING FINGERS
CLOSE UPON THE FABRIC
OF THE VAMPIRE'S
COSTUME.



GOT
YOU!

YOU
MADMAN!
I CAN'T
SUPPORT YOUR
WEIGHT AS
WELL!

LOCKED TOGETHER THE TWO FIGURES PLUMMET DOWNWARDS...



AAA-
AH!

...TO CRASH WITH BONE-
BREAKING FORCE ONTO THE
STONE-FLAGGED YARD BELOW!



IS THIS THE END OF BOTH JIM AND THE VAMPIRE?
FIND OUT IN NEXT WEEK'S SPECTRE-ACULAR EPISODE!

SAMMY SHRINK

